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LEADING FEATURES.

Marion Harland's "JUDITH." Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard.

"BELINDA." By Rhoda Broughton.

"THE LITTLE MAID." A Poem.
By Margaret Johnson. Illustrated
by Jessie McDermott.

"A COLONIAL RELIC." A Story.
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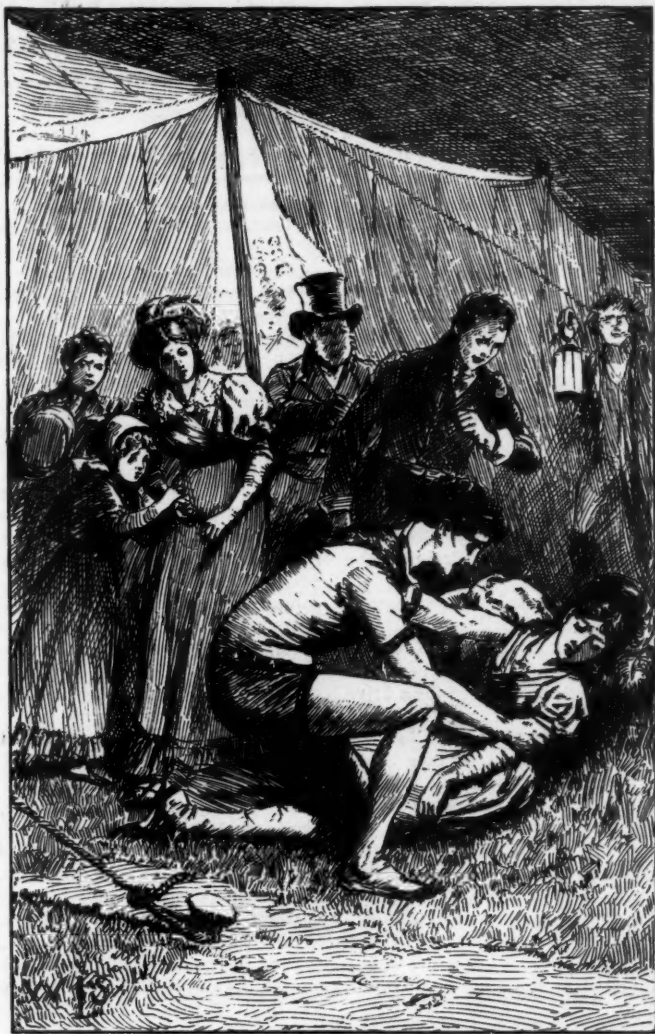
THE CONTINENT

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 12, 1883.

Whole No. 83.



"HE WOULD LET NO ONE TOUCH YOU UNTIL HE HAD LAID YOU ON THE GRASS."

JUDITH: A CHRONICLE OF OLD VIRGINIA.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Common Sense in the Household," "Eve's Daughters," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

"AND Sweetbrier missed the monkeys!"

Miss Harry had not risen at breakfast-time. I suspect, now, that she kept her bed as much to be out of the way of Mrs. Dabney's babblement as because she really felt jarred and weak. I was now perched

beside her on the bed, and Miss Virginia sat a little way off.

I blushed furiously at her compassionate tone.

"As if I cared for them or anything else when you were sick! I could have gone back with Major Dabney and the boys if I liked!"

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"Sweetbrier lost her heart to the handsome circus-rider who saved you from more serious damage than a few bruises and a general jar of the nerves," observed Miss Virginia playfully. "She kept close at his heels when he carried you out of the tent. Fifty people offered help, but he would let no one touch you until he laid you on the grass on the side-hill away from the crowd. Then he brought water and hartshorn and brandy and I don't know what else. I suppose that kind of people always keep restoratives at hand in case of accidents. When you came to he was standing a little way off, shining like a tall white angel in the moonlight. But when father wanted to thank him for his services he was nowhere to be seen. Wickham picked up a strange story about him last night. He says that Frederic Trevelyan is not his real name, but that he belongs to a good old English family, and does all this riding and leaping for amusement, and in order to see some other side of life than that usually presented to people of his rank—'for a spree', Wickham says. Father is going to see him to-day. He meant to offer him a reward in money for his presence of mind and timely aid, but if there is any foundation for this story, that wouldn't be proper, I suppose?"

"Certainly not!"

Miss Harry lay back on her pillows, gazing straight up at the ceiling. Her voice had a hollow, stifled sound, and she was very pale. For myself, I was in a secret quiver of relief and joy. This was the Prince, then! and in disguise, which made the adventure the more romantic. I could not utter my rapture, but I secured one of the cold hands and stroked it until it began to warm under the fervent caress. Presently she smiled languidly at me.

"What a comfort she is, Virginia! A born nurse, and already a woman in sense and tact!"

I was childish enough to begin to sob hysterically at this, and Miss Virginia took me away to another room to soothe me. She had ordered the carriage for a drive to Church Hill, where she had an errand, and would have me go with her. On the way back we called at a bookstore that I might select a new book for myself. A dapper little man waited on us, who was, she told me when we came out, one of the notable characters of Richmond. He was not young in the face, but his clustering chestnut hair was very thick and sleek, and had an odd look where it was parted; he lisped, and his feet glided and frisked from counter to shelves as if life were a perpetual minuet and he the leader of the set. He quoted Shakspeare three times, Byron and Moore each twice, Cowper once and alluded to Addison in ten minutes, although our quest was for children's books. While I was looking at "Riches without Wings," and Miss Edgeworth's "Moral Tales," he began talking to Miss Virginia of the event of the previous evening.

"I never thaw a more thrilling thene than Mith Macon'th fall and her rethue," he said. "Thome of the fellow'th made a bet on the thpot ath to the ground covered by the leap, and meathured it afterward. Twenty-five feet upon my honor as a gentleman, and on the level! The thtory ith, on the thtreet to-day, that he is a dithtinguth nobleman. He muth have had conthiderable thircuth practithe if he wath born in the purple. Ah! 'we know what we are'—that ith, now and then one of uth doeth!—'but we know not what we thall be!' 'Mithery maketh uth acquainted with thtrange bedfellowth!'"

"Do you believe this story of the disguised nobleman?" asked Miss Virginia.

The little man shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands in non-committal of his valuable opinion.

"Who can thay? It may be true. It may as eathily not be true. He ith a handthome fellow, with rather audathiously-developed muthelh, and altogetther too tall for true thymmetry. But he ith a creditable thpecimen of mere animal perfection."

When we reached home, we ran up-stairs gleefully—I, to show my books (Miss Virginia had pressed both upon me); my companion to recount Phil D——'s criticism of Frederic Trevelyan's physique. Miss Harry was up and dressed, and with her was Mrs. Dabney, in a state of flutter impossible to describe. Harry's cheeks were full-blown carnations, although she feigned smiling composure; the elder lady had been crying so profusely and recently that the handkerchief she flourished in her declamation was still damp.

"Ah, here you are, my poor, dear child!" she burst out at sight of her step-daughter. "If I were to be led to the gallows the next second, with no hope of pardon except upon taking back what I said to your father, and I *will* say that the Major, while he is an excellent man, with a fair share of delicacy of feeling, for a man of course, for if the truth were told, men have *not* the feelings of women, nor for the matter of that half the common sense their wives and daughters have, or he would never have made a social blunder like this, and a social blunder *looks* as bad as a real breach of the Commandments, the Lord have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep His law, and there's no telling where such a mistake may end, and the boys with their heads full of circuses and gentlemen in stockinet and spangles fitting like their skin to show the play of the muscles which I don't consider decent, and 'though obliged to submit to what's done and can't be helped, because it's a woman's duty to honor and obey her husband, I suppose, or St. Paul wouldn't have said it, and I'm fairly sick all over with the thought of you, poor darlings, sitting down to table with one of the lower classes, for I'm not to be fooled with their stuff about assumed names, the worse for him if it is so, with Frederic Trevelyan pasted on the fences at the street corners, and plain John Something-or-other on the visiting-card he gave your father, and our sweet Harry Macon has it in her hand this blessed minute, large as life, set him up with his humbugs, for I don't call myself proud, but the Dabneys and Archers and Carrs are as good blood as there is in Virginia, and I've never been called to go through anything like this before—never! never! never!"

Even the gentle Virginia looked shocked as she stooped to take the card from Harry and read it aloud. It was a neat bit of pasteboard, inscribed:

"MR. JOHN WARING.
Fairwold Hall,
Hampshire. England."

"Do you mean, mother, that father has invited him to *dinner*!" she asked in a tone that expressed entire sympathy with the drift of the protest, the sentiments of which were irretrievably disjointed. "How did it happen?"

She—and eventually I—disentangled the truth from the medley that followed the question. Major Dabney had found Mr. Frederic Trevelyan at the Eagle Hotel, in which aristocratic quarters Van Amburg and a few leading members of his troupe had established themselves. The athlete was dressed like a gentleman and deported himself as one, winning so rapidly upon the Major's good-will and respect by a frank avowal of his

incognito, the production of his visiting card and a grave confession that his connection with the circus company had been a blunder unworthy of a man of sense and breeding, that the listener, in a fit of admiration, gratitude and hospitality, asked him to partake of a family dinner that day, that Miss Macon might thank him in person for the service he had done her.

"There is no way out of it that I can see," mused Miss Virginia, aloud and reluctantly.

"Why should there be?"

It was Miss Harry who spoke. She had been biting her lip and pinching her hands during the talk of mother and daughter. Now she could restrain speech no longer, and it was many-edged.

"Why should there be? The man is well-born, well-bred, and a stranger in Richmond. His masquerade of the circus-rider is a harmless freak, the bad taste of which he admits. I am at a loss to see how it is more degrading than for Virginia gentlemen to ride their own horses on the race-course or in steeple-chases. He may be a degree less eligible to a seat at our tables than haberdashers' clerks or tobacco-factory overseers; but in a republic even blue blood must make some concessions. Still, I cannot deny that the trifling circumstance of his having saved my life may bias my judgment somewhat. Forgive me! I ought not to have spoken!"

However this might be, she had ended the debate. Mrs. Dabney saw that she was angered or hurt, and hastened to make amends for her unintentional offense by declaring her willingness to eat and drink with "any white man" who had rendered them so signal a benefit. She imagined that his coming this once would hurt nobody. It was not like giving company in his honor; and when it was over she should be glad to remember that she had done all in her power for dear Harry's preserver. The servants would not know who "Mr. Waring" was, "even if they had seen him at the circus, as was more than probable, with all his paint washed off, and in a Christian coat and pantaloons, an English gentleman in plain broadcloth and no spangles and toggery, might dine at our table and nobody think of his ever having heard of that vulgar Trevelyan fellow standing on his head on the fences."

Not even the boys were taken into our confidence, and as they were not allowed to come to the first table, the danger of identification seemed slight.

Mr. John Waring was stately, and for awhile reserved in manner, positively overawing the fidgety hostess, who twice during the dinner accosted him as "Mr. Tre—Waring, I beg your pardon!"

The second time this happened he said gravely, "My inconsiderate conduct has made the mistake possible, madam! It is I who should apologize to you. It is just that I should pay dearly for my folly. Since yesterday I have felt how severe the punishment may be."

His eyes strayed, as by accident, to Miss Harry's as he said, "since yesterday." Had they lighted on me I could not have been hotter and more confused. She had been unusually silent up to that minute, but now she took the duty of replying out of Mrs. Dabney's hands.

"The self-conviction of folly is, I fancy, the severest penalty the error will entail upon you," she said very gently. "This is always true with sensitive minds. Nothing others say of us hurts like the fault we are compelled to find with ourselves."

He looked gratefully humble.

"Thank you! What you say is more true than you can imagine."

In the parlor he ventured to approach and converse

with her, standing for some time, then taking a chair near her. She beckoned me to a stool at her side, an instinctive device to avoid the semblance of a confidential dialogue. They talked easily, and on commonplace themes. The Waverly novels, the reflection of English manners and social customs in Virginian society, the early history of the state, the natural beauties of her capital, etc., were the topics. Miss Virginia was drawn into the discussion after a little, and Mrs. Dabney, sitting near the front windows with her tambour-frame, prattled incessantly in an undertone to her husband. He was drowsy after his dinner and two glasses of port, and longing for his pipe, but conventionality held him to the post of nominal entertainer. Had the visitor been a man of his own caste he would have left him to the ladies with an apology for the constraining power of a habit that withdrew him from the room for a season. As his social inferior, he was, while in his house, entitled to such scrupulous attention as might put him altogether at his ease. It is only with his equals that the thoroughbred takes liberties.

It was the Major who proposed music, probably in the hope that he might slip out unchallenged, and, without incivility, absent himself long enough to snatch a dozen whiffs. He called on Miss Harry for a song, and she played, instead, a couple of waltzes and a march, alleging that the fall of the night before had "shaken her voice to pieces."

"Had you ever fainted until then?" inquired Mr. Waring, in a matter-of-fact way.

He was standing at the end of the piano, and had a full view of her countenance. From my seat behind her I saw the scarlet tide stream over her neck and steep the small ears.

"No!" she said curtly. "Virginia! I will play the accompaniment if you will sing 'The harp that once through Tara's halls.'"

A duet succeeded to the song, and Mrs. Dabney spoke up with agreeable intent. The Major had stolen away, and she spurred herself on to cover his retreat.

"Mr. Waring! you have a singing face! I can always almost tell by looking at a person whether they sing or not, and by their voice in speaking, you know; and yours is so very pleasant I'm just as sure as if I had heard you that you are a beautiful singer, and may be play, too, for you foreign gentlemen are so accomplished, and it is a burning sin and shame that our young men are so remiss in cultivating such things; I am sure they would be more domestic if they would."

"I did play and sing once," confessed the Englishman. "When I was 'domestic,' and lived at home with my sisters, who were really fine performers. Excuse the personal allusion, Miss Dabney, but your voice reminds me of my sister Eleanor's. She is the younger of the two. I have seldom touched a piano during the half year I have spent in America—the organ not once. It may shock you, Mrs. Dabney"—with a smiling bow in her direction—"to learn that I was the organist in our parish church. My uncle is the rector, and my father gave the instrument when I was a lad of sixteen. I could not bear to have other hands than mine touch it."

What his touch was we had an opportunity of judging when, yielding courteously to persuasion, with no affectation of unwillingness, but rather as if tempted by the sight of keys and music, he sat down to the piano. He played boldly and with fine taste. Miss Virginia said, in after days, that his musical skill did more than all other proofs to convince her that his tales of John Waring and Fairwold Hall were not a myth. The Major shortly reappeared, wide awake and

delighted, drew near the piano, and applauded vociferously the stirring march that ended with the "Marseillaise," rendered magnificently. Mrs. Dabney clapped her hands effusively at the success of her maneuver—the verification of her suspicions.

"The song! Now for the song!" she cried.

The boys were peeping through the crack of the half-open door, and I caught glimpses of the servants hovering about hall and staircase. The piano had never spoken and thundered thus before in that house. It was the glad shout of unbound Ariel, glorying in his strength. All were excited and eager for more.

"Do you know Shelley?" the musician asked of Miss Harry, after a little thoughtful preluding.

She had, involuntarily, approached the instrument while he played. Her sensitive face was a lovely study of color and expression.

"Very slightly. I have read his 'Skylark,' of course."

"His songs are comparatively little known, but they are models of their kind. My father and he were friends in their youth. We are more familiar with his poems on that account than we would otherwise have been. 'The Fugitives' used to be a favorite with us at home. I may remember it. I ought never to forget it."

He played a symphony in which the roaring of the winds warred with the tumult of sea-waves, the lightnings gleamed blue on hissing hail. Then his voice arose full and grand—a voice that in melody and compass carried feeling by storm and swept criticism out of the field. His articulation was singularly distinct. We did not lose a word of the descriptive ballad:

"The waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing—
Away!"

We put off from shore in the boat with the pale helmsman and the fleeing lovers:

"And from isle, tower and rock
The blue beacon-cloud broke,
Though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flashed fast
From the ice."

Into the tempest and glare flowed a slender minor strain of unearthly sweetness—a stealing sun-ray through the black heart of the cloud. Before it blast and surges rolled away into horizon mutterings. The voice took up the story in a passionate undertone:

"And fear'st thou?" "And fear'st thou?"
And seest thou—and hear'st thou?
And drive we not free.
O'er the terrible sea—
I and thou?

"One boat-cloak doth cover
The loved and the lover—
Their blood beats one measure,
They murmur proud pleasure,
Soft and low,

"While 'round the lashed ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered and shifted
To and fro."

To the ineffable tenderness of the recitative, the dreamy lingering upon the melodious measure of verse and music, succeeded heroic narration:

"In the court of the fortress,
Beside the pale portress,
Like a bloodhound well beaten,
The bridegroom stands, eaten
By sham.

"On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the gray tyrant-father—
To his voice the mad weather
Seems tame;

"And with curses as wild
As e'er cling to child,
He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest and last
Of his name!"

There were specks like dew on the Major's grizzled lashes. He laughed outright, but brokenly, as the story was finished.

"But he got her, in spite of bridegroom and father! The young folks got away safe and sound! By George! I never heard anything finer in my life! I could see it all—the storm and the courtship in the boat, and the pair of scoundrels gnashing their teeth on the tower! My dear sir," dropping a heavy hand on the guest's shoulder, "you have given us a rare treat—a wonderful treat! And let me say that if the fellow in the boat said those pretty things to the lady as *you* sang them, she could not have stayed behind! Not to save her life, sir! human nature and woman nature being what it is! Who wrote it did you say? Shelley? Never heard of him that I recollect, but he is no fool of a song-writer. Virginia, my dear, put his name down for me, will you? Do you know anything else of his, Mr. Waring?"

"Something sentimental, please, Mr. Waring?" quavered Mrs. Dabney's drawl. "I know you would sing love-songs be-*yu*-tifully if the truth were told. Did Mr. Shelby ever write any love-songs? I dote upon love-songs, if I am an old married woman. I always cry my eyes out over 'Highland Mary' and 'Auld Robin Gray' and 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' the song you have just sung so delightfully and thrown us all into ecstasies with, I am sure, for nobody can enjoy really good music more than we, and you are certainly a musical genius, Mr. Waring, reminds me of 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' the words, I mean, for there's no manner of comparison between the music of the two, and a man with such melancholy eyes as yours and *such* a voice ought to be able to just break our hearts with a love-song."

Mr. Waring laughed a little in a perfectly well-bred way, dropping the be-praised eyes to his fingers that still lay on the keys.

"I doubt if I could recall a sentimental ballad, madam. It has been a long time since I heard or sang one."

He turned again to Miss Harry. She had taken a seat at an easier conversational angle to the piano than that occupied by either of the other ladies. It was but natural that he should refer to her in his perplexity.

"There is a little serenade of Shelley's, beginning, 'I arise from dreams of thee.' Have you ever heard it?"

"Never. Cannot you sing it?"

"Do! do!" clucked Mrs. Dabney, persuasively. "It must be just perfectly fascinating. I am devoted to love-songs; they can't be too loving for me; the loving the sweeter, according to my notion."

The accompaniment of the "Serenade" was a mere nothing, the touch of a chord here and there, as one might sweep his finger over guitar-strings, but no more was needed. I think Harry Macon's heart left the keeping of will and reason forever, while that song flowed into her ears. Her perceptive powers were never clear afterward. It wrought more potently upon affections and judgment than did ever philtre or love-spell in the age when witches gave and maidens sought such.

If it were poison it was a delicious draught as this man administered it, his glorious eyes like brown opals with throbbing light, his voice impassioned, supplicating—and at the last, faint with the burden of a love not to be conveyed in speech or sound:

"I arise from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?—
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

"The wandering airs, they faint,
On the dark, the silent stream,—
The roses' odors fall,
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
Oh, beloved as thou art!"

I cannot more aptly describe the strange change that swept over Miss Harry's figure and face as the line I have italicized was uttered than by saying that it was like the quiver and play, first, of white, then of roseate lambent flame in which she swayed and glowed. Her eyes closed for a second, and opened to their widest, in fascinated intentness of gaze that met the rapt look of the singer. Eyes questioned and eyes replied, before the few chords of the interlude ceased to vibrate:

"Oh, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale!
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast.
Oh, press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last!"

The sorcerer arose, crossed over to Mrs. Dabney and made his adieux, with thanks for her "great kindness to an undeserving stranger in a strange land."

"Oh, but look here!" cried the Major, taken aback by the sudden movement. "You ain't going to leave us this way, you know! You'll be in town some days yet, I hope. I mean that it ain't likely that the—ah—ah—"

Mr. Waring covered the awkward pause, at which he smiled, and the rest were mortified.

There was even a touch of archness in his amusement, repressed by courtesy, but his voice was gravely respectful.

"The company moves westward to-morrow. I have a furlough of two weeks. I had thought—I may say it to you, Major Dabney, whose treatment of me has been so noble in its freedom from prejudice and patronage—that I have hopes of shortly effecting a dissolution of my relations with my present associates. In short—I mean to break my contract with the circus company. My false position has grown very irksome of late."

The Major clapped him on the shoulder again.

"Of course it has! How could it be otherwise? You've had your frolic, and now for a return to your real self and civilization! You are quite right, my dear sir—quite right! And let me say that I hope you'll prolong your stay in Richmond indefinitely, and examine our institutions and all that, you know, and let us see as much of you as possible and convenient to yourself. By George! I honor your honesty and straightforwardness, sir! Be blamed if I don't! As for prejudice and patronage and gossip, I don't care a Continental blank for all three!"

CHAPTER XVI.

"I AM sure that father is boring Mr. Waring with his endless genealogies," said Miss Virginia, quitting the window where she and Mr. Bradley had been standing in the rainy twilight. "Sweetbrier, go into the study and see if I left 'Thomson's Seasons' on the table—there's a darling!"

Obediently, but less cheerfully than I usually fulfilled her behests, I repaired to the Major's den. He had lighted a candle and raised it high in one hand toward the family coat-of-arms over the mantel. In the other he held the bowl of his pipe, and pointed with the long handle while discoursing:

"The first record we have of the Dabney family is on the roll of Battle Abbey, erected by William the Conqueror at Hastings when he defeated Harold. Masses were sung for the souls of the knights and squires who fell there. One of the knights is 'D'Aubenay,' and among the squires is another 'D'Aubenay.' Baron 'D'Aubigny' was one of the bold, true men set to watch tricky King John, lest he might violate Magna Charta. My immediate ancestors, John and Cornelius 'Dabné' (it is thus spelled in the old vestry-book of New Kent County), fled from France to Wales after the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, thence emigrated to America. They were among the Huguenots who settled on the lower Pamunkey—My dear Miss Judith, can I assist you in your search?"

I was fumbling among the newspapers, tobacco-boxes, twine, corks, pipes and account-books on the table in the centre of the room.

"Miss Virginia sent me to look for 'Thomson's Seasons,' sir," I apologized diffidently.

"Ah!" setting down the candle. "Another more considerable body of refugees settled on the south side of James River, near the deserted capital of the Manocan tribe, now perverted into 'Mannakin Town.' The Colonial House of Burgesses, held 'at his majesty's roya collodge of William and Mary,' December 5th, 1700, established the settlement as 'King William's Parish,' exempting 'said French refugees' from taxation for seven years. Among these were the Michaux—still resident on the original grant—the Flournoys, Soublottes (now Sublettts), the Maurys—Never mind the almanac, my dear," as I stooped to pick it up. "Can't you find the book?"

I colored all over. It seemed sacrilegious to break twice the continuity of so learned a disquisition. Mr. Waring came forward while the Major helped me to tumble over the tobacco-and-coal-dusty miscellany.

"I saw that volume in the parlor this evening," said the Englishman respectfully. "I fancy that I can put my hand on it at once. Will you excuse me, Major Dabney, but allow me to return after a while and hear the rest of the history you have begun? It is deeply interesting."

"I am sorry, sir," faltered I, as the guest disappeared and I caught the blank look on the dear, kind face of the genealogist.

"Don't speak of it, my child—don't speak of it! It is time I had my smoke, and I am apt to forget that old people make themselves tiresome with their hobbies."

He let me fill his pipe and light it with a twisted paper kindled at the grate, puffed away the shade of chagrin with the first blue curl of smoke, like the sound-tempered philosopher he was. I placed a stool under his gouty foot, and offered the freshest of the newspapers as a substitute for the fascinating visitor, uneasily trying to atone for my complicity in his daughter's maneuver. Much as I admired the pretty adroitness

with which she avoided giving present pain and offense, my Summerfield honesty revolted occasionally at the palpable double-dealing I could not but espy. She was tactful and a peace-lover, and had to deal with incongruous elements. Furthermore, she was affectionate and tender-hearted. In shrinking from the sight of suffering, she sometimes recoiled too far. This is the excuse reason and heart now combine to make for what then distressed and baffled me.

She was at the piano when I went back to the parlor, playing softly one plaintive air after another, Mr. Bradley breathing a flute accompaniment, deliciously and delicately sweet, although scarcely louder than the rain-muffled wind plaining disquietly at sash and in chimney. The two young men had dined with us, and the close of the short, wet afternoon found both lingering in the hospitable mansion. It was the third of such March days as strike with dismay spring visitors to Richmond. There had not been a rift in the sagging pall of cloud from sunrise to sunset. Brick sidewalks and cobble-stone pavements were glazed by sheets of rain that succeeding floods did not give time to run off. The muddy street into which Miss Harry, seated on the broad window-bench, seemed to gaze, was almost deserted. The oil-lamps, accentuating the darkness of business thoroughfares, were not visible from our quarter of the town. The dots and dashes of flickering yellow one saw through mist and rain were in the windows of private dwellings. Once in a great while a figure tramped by, furnished with umbrella and lantern. I coiled myself up in another window to watch idly for these, to listen to the music, and to dream out the stories that made one long, eventful romance of my sober-tinted child-life.

The widening area of fire-glow, the outermost edge of which struck glints from the silver keys of Mr. Bradley's flute, and brushed the sheeny waves of the pianist's hair; the monotonous plash of the rain on the panes; the proximity of the pair who occupied the embrasure of the window nearest to me; the intermittent drifts of earnest-voiced talk blent with the melody of "Oft in the Stilly Night," "Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded?" and "Byron's Farewell," were conditions to the full enjoyment of twilight revery.

Mr. Waring's furlough would be over in two days. With the tact that seldom failed him, he had not appeared abroad with the Dabneys, or done anything else that could attract public attention to his growing intimacy in the family. Twice, when other visitors had called while he was in the parlor, he had quietly withdrawn to the Major's study, and talked with him until the coast was clear. With Mr. Bradley he made friends within twenty-four hours after his first visit to the house. They walked and drove together every fair day, and the quick-witted tutor was apparently as much captivated by his new acquaintance as was the whole-souled Major. Both regarded the episode of his introduction to our domestic circle as a romantic incident, the consequences of which would extend no farther than the limits of his sojourn in the city, unless, in the event of the prodigal's return to his English home, the news should reach his trans-Atlantic friends and be a staple of family gossip in coming years. That he talked much with Miss Harry went for nothing with people accustomed to see her the recipient of admiring attention from every man who approached her. She was a belle in town, as in country, and tokens of the fact were every day arriving in the shape of graceful trifles—philopena gifts of books and bon-bons, and votive offerings of flowers. Twice I had seen her extract from

the hearts of bouquets brought up by Apphia to her room twisted billets, which she reserved for private perusal. One morning the maid returned from an outdoor errand with a parcel done up in silver paper and gave it to her young mistress, without observing my presence. Instinctively I kept my eyes riveted on my book, apparently regardless of the violet scent that filled the chamber, until Miss Harry spoke:

"See what I have, Little Discretion!"

It was a dainty white satin box, clamped at the corners with gilded ornaments, and full of violets. A note had lain upon them, and she still held it in her hand. As I praised and wondered at the quantity and freshness of the flowers, she laid her cheek on them, her bright smile chastened into infinite content. I stood by, mute and awed, my heart overflowing with sympathy.

Apphia broke in upon the eloquent silence sharply, even for a privileged and spoiled servant.

"'Tain't safe to tell child'en sech things, Miss Harry! They mean well enough, but they can't be expected to understand."

"I can trust Judith!" meeting my hurt look with one of affectionate reassurance. "She will not speak until I give her leave to do so. She knows I am doing nothing to be ashamed of—nothing I shall not be glad to have the world know by-and-by. But I won't be talked about and marveled at until the time comes. Oh, yes!"—fondling my flushed face and speaking very softly—"Judith quite understands! Better—so much better than most grown people would!"

It was child-nature to be immensely elated by the confidence reposed in me. Albeit utterly unsophisticated in intrigue, discretion was, as I have already said, a lesson conned from my earliest recollection. I did not suspect that there was more impropriety in Miss Harry's reception of *billet-doux* from the elect lord of her dream than in Uncle Archie's careful conservation of the secret of his love for Virginia Dabney. I was the flattered recipient of the confidence of both, and would have had my tongue plucked out by the roots sooner than betray either.

Painted upon the background of the rainy darkness toward which I kept my face resolutely turned, lest I might see some gesture or penetrate the meaning of some word not meant for others' senses, I beheld the American girl the honored mistress of Fairwold Hall, the idolized wife of the man made for her and led over ocean and land and the Alps of social prejudice to her feet. I arranged the wedding at Hunter's Rest, with Aunt Maria and Miss Virginia among the white-robed troop of bridesmaids, Uncle Archie and Mr. Bradley as groomsmen, a shading of disappointed suitors relieving the almost too-bright vision of the princely pair and their rejoicing train. I saw my hitherto insignificant self lauded as a pattern of intelligent prudence, the ally of the lovers, the petted favorite of the nuptial day. Perhaps—most probably, they would invite me to visit them in the ancestral halls of the Warings. Why might not Uncle Archie include an ocean voyage and Fairwold Hall in his wedding journey, and I accompany the happy couple?

Between rain, piano and preoccupation of thought, none of us heard the door-bell or the bustle of arrival in the hall. I was hurled back from my dream-world with a shock that produced temporary concussion of the brain, by the apparition—in the fullest glare of the light that had gradually filled the room from the igniting coals—of Uncle Archie and Sidney Macon.

I could not stir, or determine whether the feet, numbed by long sitting upon them, and the eyes, filmed

by the abrupt change from the stare into the blackening night to the ruddy illumination within, really belonged to myself or not, until Uncle Archie kissed me with the familiar—

"Well, little woman! how goes it?"

I clung to him when he sat down and began to tell that some business connected with tobacco crop and sales had called them to the city. In the middle of the explanation the Major hobbled in upon the gouty leg that was stiff in wet weather—and a minute later Mrs. Dabney, pink cap-strings flying and tongue wabbling more loosely than usual on the pivotal point of common sense, in the excitement of meeting dear Mr. Read and darling Harry's brother, and there certainly was such a strong family likeness that she would have known him anywhere—if she had met him at Rockett's, or say, the great Chinese Wall, she would have run right straight up to him and said, "How do you do, Mr. Macon?"

By the time we were seated, and the ceremony of presentation was accomplished, and Mrs. Dabney's prattle-wheel was slowing up preparatory to as full a stop as she ever made, it began to dawn on me, and, I fancy, on others, that Sidney Macon's mien was ominous of trouble. He was habitually grave, but to-night he looked as inclement as the weather. In opposition to the conventional courtesy prevalent among Virginian gentlemen, he did not shake hands with Mr. Waring when presented to him by Miss Virginia, nor had he smiled at Mrs. Dabney's welcome. The butler brought in lamps and revealed the dark face, grim to ferocity, the deep-set eyes like gleaming embers that a breath might excite into flame. Miss Harry pushed a chair forward, and Mr. Waring, anticipating her intention, set it near her brother's for her before saying:

"I have added another to the list of my trespasses on your hospitality, Mrs. Dabney. I ought to have taken my leave much earlier than this. But your always-pleasant home is doubly-tempting on such an evening."

He delivered the little speech distinctly, making his slight English drawl and upward inflections rather more apparent than was common with him. Sidney did not rise, but leaned back in his chair, aggressively uncivil, his gaze settled on the superbly-handsome lineaments in angry scorn, not to be ignored by the sister familiar with his ordinary behavior.

Her eyes kindled, her lip curled resolutely. She took a step forward to meet Mr. Waring, as he made his bow to her—put out her hand.

"We shall see you again very soon, I hope!" articulating as clearly as he had done. "I want you to know my brother. I might say, with truth, both of my brothers!" shedding milder light upon Uncle Archie, who stood by her.

Tone and manner, if not words, were unequivocal. A strange shock and silence fell upon the little company at the quietly significant address. I saw Miss Virginia change color and clasp her hands convulsively, Mr. Bradley's start and piercing glance at Miss Harry. Uncle Archie bowed silently—to her, not to him for whom she bespoke his good-will. Sidney sat motionless and glowered wrathfully at the three. Mr. Waring bent low over the hand shut fast and warm in his.

"I am honored beyond my powers of expression by the hope and the wish! Good-night!"

He stepped backward to the door with courtly dexterity; on the threshold, swept a magnificent general obeisance to the rest of the group, and was gone.

Sidney started up hastily, spoke harshly:

"Harry! I want to have a few minutes' talk with you!"

"As you please!" she rejoined, undauntedly. To Mrs. Dabney, she said, with winning politeness, "May we go into your sitting-room?"

On receiving a frightened, therefore a tolerably coherent reply, she led the way across the hall.

Before bed-time, we all knew what was the result of the conference.

At the Columbian Hotel where the travelers halted to put up their horses and exchange their damp garments for dry, Sidney had met his friend Ronald Craig, Miss Harry's oft-discarded suitor. He had been in town several days, paid a diurnal call to his obdurate idol, twice encountered Mr. Waring, and uneasy at what he fancied he detected, made it his business to find out who the obnoxious stranger was. Chancing to stumble upon Sidney as the latter was following a waiter to his room within ten minutes after his arrival, he fastened himself upon him and besought an interview. In the course of his rapid toilet Sidney heard that which made him forget cold, wet, hunger and fatigue. He was collected enough to make due allowance for the jealous alarms of the unsuccessful wooer and his never-acute brain, but he gleaned from the dialogue one and a most disagreeable truth.

His sister was a guest in a house where a worse than nobody—a common circus-rider—was received as the equal of a family so simple as to be duped by his poor pretense of aristocratic lineage and breeding. She had sat at the same board with him, conversed with him with apparent satisfaction, and hearkened delightedly to his playing and singing. Sidney could not forbear allusion to his discovery as he and Uncle Archie walked up town and was laughed at for his indignation.

"I know Miss Harry better than to insult her by such suspicions as the fear lest she should lower her dignity by familiar association with the person you describe," said Harry's fast friend, picking his way over the puddles and miry crossings. "Major Dabney is a thorough gentleman. His daughter's friend would be as carefully protected from undesirable acquaintances as his own child. Depend upon it, poor Ronald has been hoaxed, or is misled by his own dreads. It is more like your sister to feign preference for another man in order to get rid of his importunities than to form an attachment for a nameless adventurer."

The unshuttered parlor-windows were crimson beacons of cheer to them from the instant they caught sight of the house. When they were at the gate of the narrow front-yard the interior of the room was a Rembrandt picture in the light from the blazing coals in the grate. Both recognized one of the figures in the striking tableaux framed by the illuminated window—Harry's lissome figure and high-bred profile, and leaning toward her a man evidently earnest in talk. Both saw him raise her hand to his lips in a passionate pressure unchecked, and so far as could be judged from the expression of the beautiful head, unbuked. It was not a scene for a man like Sidney Macon to discuss with his dearest friend. Neither uttered a word until Sidney's deep voice inquired of the servant who answered his ring, if "the ladies and Major Dabney were at home."

His intemperate remonstrance with his sister was met by an avowal that stung him into a frenzy of astonishment and wrath. The disreputable adventurer had that very hour declared his love for her and received a favorable reply. Their mutual devotion dated from the moment of their first meeting. Each had dreamed of the other before they had ever looked upon one another's faces. She would be willing to marry him with-

out other testimonials to his worth and character than she already possessed. The proposition to procure credentials from England was his voluntary suggestion.

The stormy scene ensuing upon the astounding disclosure was ended by Sidney's departure from the house without the slightest form of leave-taking. Those left in the parlor heard his tramp along the hall, the violent reverberation of the closing door, and had barely time to exchange alarmed glances when Harry walked into the apartment, head high, and face like marble in color and steadfastness.

"My brother has gone, Mrs. Dabney!" she began with haughty incisiveness that prepared her auditors for a momentous announcement. "He was too much excited to venture to say 'Good-evening,' or even to remember the commonest forms of courtesy. He sees fit to be very angry with me because I am engaged to be married to Mr. Waring!"

Then, as a gasp from Mrs. Dabney and a growl from the Major severed the fine, strong thread of her speech—"Not that his opposition, or that of the whole Macon clan, combined with the anathemas of Christendom, would alter one jot or one tittle of my resolution. If John Waring lives, and I live, I shall become his wife whenever he sees best to claim me—so help me—God!"

The hand lifted in the energy of the declaration fell on the great Bible lying on the centre-table, and rested there.

Mrs. Dabney promptly did all that could be expected of her on the occasion by going into strong hysterics. Her sobbings, pantings, struggles and suffocations in the arms of the Major and Uncle Archie while they carried her to her chamber, her kicks against the wall and clutchings at the banisters of the stairs, the shrieks of wild laughter that pierced the ceiling when the removal was accomplished, were terrific to a child who had never so much as heard of nervous paroxysms and fashionable "vapors." I slunk away behind a window-curtain, and cried big, honest tears of distressful compassion, with none to see or dry them.

"I had better go," Mr. Bradley said aside to Miss Virginia.

She stayed him by a gesture, then sank upon an ottoman, and wept silently, her face buried in her handkerchief. Harry stood like a statue of Resolve when Uncle Archie returned to us. He went directly up to her, laid his hand on that pressed hard on the Bible-lid.

"None of us are quite calm enough for argument to-night," he said, very gravely and very kindly. "We are taken by surprise, and must think over what we have heard before we are fit to decide as to the merits of the case you submit to us. You ought not to need to be told that the one desire of us all is for your happiness. That, if we could congratulate you intelligently and sincerely, we would do it now and gladly."

Her chin trembled, but the closer compression of the lips, the unblenching eye told how far she was from yielding.

"I have had a foretaste of friendly congratulations in Sidney's fraternal comments upon what I told him!" was the curt rejoinder.

"Try to think kindly of the brother who loves you best of living things!" went on the serious tones. "By to-morrow he may be more reasonable."

"Why not add, 'And so may you?' I read it in your face. Don't delude yourself into the belief that I will ever swerve. I have sworn unto the Lord and will not go back!"

"I have not asked you to retract one word. If I had prophesied that to-morrow would find you reasonable,

I should have spoken out my own belief. You are right there. When have you been unreasonable to me?"

He was smiling—the frank, genial gleam that always met her sallies, as she raised her eyes suddenly to his—brotherly and compassionate of her present pain, with no subtler intent than to assuage this. The rigid face-lines broke up in an answering smile.

"If all men were like you—" she began impatiently.

He finished the sentence laughingly:

"You would have a host of true friends, and never hesitate to say 'No!' to any of them who presumed to be more than friendly!"

"I meant no such thing! The woman who hesitates to intrust her happiness to your keeping is a benighted imbecile! One proof of this is that I dare declare that to your face without fear of a gallant reply. What I began to say was that if all men were like you, it would be easier for us to act like reasonable beings. There would be some hope of just and merciful treatment at the hands of our masters. But, as you say, discussion of the news I have been forced to communicate more abruptly than is timely or delicate, had better be deferred until to-morrow. Excuse me for a little while, please, all of you! I have been flayed alive, and the smart is still fresh!"

Mrs. Dabney was unable to appear at supper. The perturbed Major had hauled Uncle Archie off to the study as soon as he could leave his distraught spouse, and kept him there until the meal was announced. Mr. Bradley and Miss Virginia talked long and confidentially over the parlor fire. I, too low and miserable to rest quietly, roamed about passages and staircase, conscious that there was no place for me and for my dashed dreams anywhere.

At the tinkle of the tea-bell Miss Virginia came into the hall and called me from my perch on the first landing. Her tender heart melted at sight of my disordered appearance. The stairs were bleak and draughty; my skin was rough with cold, my forehead indented by leaning on the banisters, and my teeth chattered nervously. She kissed me, chafed my hands and smoothed my tousled hair.

"Poor little Sweetbrier! the sharp winds shake you terribly—don't they? Never mind, dear! Everything always does come right at last, you know. Run up and see if Miss Harry wants any supper—won't you? She is never cross or short with you!"

At Miss Harry's door I met Apphia, coming out, a letter in her hand. Her mistress was brushing her hair preparatory to answering the bell.

"Come in, pet!" she said, gayly. "You'll stand by me, whatever comes. It's in the blood, I think. Don't let them persuade you that I ought to be turned into the street and trodden under foot."

"Nobody could!" replied I, defiantly. "And, Miss Harry"—eager to tender my one sweet crumb of comfort—"Miss Virginia told me just now that everything would come out right at last."

She caught my arms, swung me around the room in a wild waltz. She was like one "fey" under the commingling excitements of the hour.

"Come right!" she cried. "How can anything go wrong in this great, glorious world of ours? Now for a race to the parlor door!"

Down stairs she was the life of the party.

"Why shouldn't I want my supper, and eat it with good appetite and conscience?" she answered Miss Virginia's expressed satisfaction at her appearance among them. "I have done nothing that needs to be repented of in sackcloth and ashes, have no idea of

fasting, or supping on dry bread soaked in salty tears. Sid will feel better when he has broken his fast, be quite humane and decent after a night's rest. Being

a rational creature he will comprehend the folly of contending with Fate—and with a woman who has made up her mind!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE DEACON'S PROTEST.

A VERITABLE INCIDENT, WITH A MORAL

'Twas the hottest day of midsummer ;
The dog-star raged on high,
The mercury soared in the nineties,
And the air was close and dry.

Alone in its gleaming whiteness,
In the broadest blaze of day,
Stood the meeting-house of Nemosset,
At the parting of the way.

No grove in the churchyard flourished,
Not even a single tree :
They said 'twas "agin the Scriptur'
Fur a grove nigh a church to be."*

And the air within was stifling,
As the sun's unclouded glare
Poured down on its roof of shingles,
And its walls so white and bare.

But the people had come together
From their dwellings far and near,
Arrayed in their Sunday homespun,
The Gospel trump to hear.

Now loud through the open windows
To a rasping minor key,
Rolled the sound of a hymn of Watts'
In chorus "wild and free."

"No midnight shade," they were singing,
"No clouded sun"—ah me !—
"But sacred, high, eternal"
Was the "noon" they sighed to see !

The song died away, and the preacher,
In somberest black arrayed,
Tall, dry and thin as a pikestaff,
Rose up in the desk and prayed.

Then he read from the great church Bible
Somewhere in the Pentateuch,
And began the old Jews to harry
With many a keen rebuke

For their sins and their rebellions
Against the Lord most high ;
With the sword of mightiest logic
He smote them hip and thigh.

But never a word he uttered
To the living folk in sight ;
His thoughts were all for the ancients,
Far back in the world's long flight.

On the drowsy air his accents
Monotonous rose and fell,
Till they seemed, in their droning cadence,
Like the weaving of a spell.

But ere he had reached the "fourthly,"
Deacon Jones his eyes had closed ;
And Smith, of the sermon heedless,
In slumber sweet reposed.

And the rest they followed shortly,
Till, all in the sacred place,
Not a single soul (save the preacher)
But was locked in sleep's embrace !

The preacher paused for a moment
In a kind of dazed surprise ;
No sound broke the awful stillness
But the buzz of drowsy flies.

Then he glared upon the sleepers,
And his voice in anger rose :
"Why sleep ye so ?" he thundered ;
"Are ye friends of God, or foes ?"

Up rose old Deacon Tompkins
As the startled people woke :
"Brother Bolles," he said, "I'm a-thinkin'
A leetle ha'sh you've spoke !

"We're a plain, hard-workin' people,
An' we're busy through the week ;
So when we come to meetin'
It's a restin' spell we seek.

* An old country superstition, founded on a misinterpretation of Deuteronomy xvi : 21.

"We're tired with our toils and troubles,
An' weary with fightin' sin :
We need suthin' good an' hearty
Fur our souls so worn and thin.

"But what do we git? Why, mostly
A mess o' stale old views,
Too musty an' dry fur feedin'
Us hungry folks in the pews.

"So 'f you want to keep us wakeful,
Jest give us the Gospel news ;
An' don't fur the sake o' the livin',
Keep a-worryin' them old Jews !"

"Give us suthin' fresh an' wholesome
That 'll help us on our way ;
Tell us how to live we 'd orter
In the conflicts of to-day.

"I'm sure if the blessed Master
Was a-preachin' here 'n your stead,
He 'd be tryin' to help the livin',
'Stid o' maulin' of the dead.

THOMAS OAKES CONANT.



ACROSS the level meadows I was straying ;
The day was nearly done ;
Upon the breeze, among the blossoms playing,
The roses shed their petals, one by one.
I saw, beside the wall, a little maiden
Stand smiling in the sun.

The bees flew home across the purple clover,
By dewy winds caressed ;
I heard the children's voices, ringing over
The fields of blossom by the burning West.
With folded hands, beside the wall she lingered,
Nor played among the rest.

"Now wherefore stand you here, my little maiden ?"
I asked, in friendly wise.

"The other children with their flowers are laden.
Go you not with them ?" From her grave, sweet eyes,
One glance she turned of wonder, and beyond me
Gazed at the glowing skies.

So fair, so bright, with more than childish seeing,
The countenance she wore,
That something of her innocent young being
I would have learned, and questioned her once more.
Then, lifted she a little hushing finger,
And, smiling as before,—

"Hark! hear you not the sleepy thrushes singing?"

Below her breath she said.

"And hear you not the big brown bees a-winging
Their noisy way across the fields to bed?
And hear you not the rustling elm-leaves whisper
Their secrets overhead?"

"Surely!" said I. "But now the rest are playing
On yonder pleasant lea.

Are you not lonely here, my child, delaying?"

She shook her pretty head. "Oh, do you see
How bright the little clouds are in the sunset!
How still and bright?" said she.

"I see the sun behind the mountains setting;
The twilight has begun.

Is there," said I, "no task you are forgetting,
That should be finished ere the day is done,
While with these pretty, idle fingers folded,
You linger, little one?"

"To-morrow"—still her happy eyes went dreaming

Across the field of light,
Bathed softly in the mellow sunset's gleaming—
"To-morrow, ere the dark has taken flight,
Then will I work. It is enough," she murmured,
"Only to live to-night!"

Then much I wondered at the child's persistence,
And said, half jesting, "So,
You fain would lead a butterfly's existence,
Forever basking in the summer's glow!"
Again she shook her pretty head in wonder—
"Nay, sir, they do not know—

The foolish things about the meadow flying—
They cannot know—not they—
How beautiful it is!" And thus replying,
Naught more the little maid would have to say,
But smiling straight into the yellow sunset,
Left me to go my way.

Homeward I walk across the lonely meadows—
The evening has begun.



But often when the way is dark with shadows,
A light breaks softly through the gathering dun;
I see, beside a wall, a little maiden
Stand smiling in the sun!

A COLONIAL RELIC.

BY ELIOT MCCORMICK.

It was not without surprise that the people of Dartmouth learned that the old Penhallow house on the Winter Harbor Road was to be put on public exhibition. They had known that the Penhallows were poor, and knew that the house was heavily mortgaged, but they knew also that the Penhallows were proud, and did not suppose that the family extremity was such as to compel them to open the doors which had been so exclusively shut for more than a hundred years. How Grandmother Penhallow, in particular, had ever consented to it was a mystery which no one could explain.

In point of fact, the Grandmother had not consented.

"I wash my hands of it, Marthy!" she had exclaimed when her energetic granddaughter proposed the scheme. "The house is yours and your mother's, and I can't prevent you doing what you like with it; but I won't lift a finger to help."

So Miss Martha Penhallow had to engineer the plan herself, supported by a sense of their necessity, which was very great, and guided only by her recollection of a visit she had once paid to the more celebrated Wentworth house at Portsmouth. By the time named in the circular, however, everything was ready, and on the morning of the first of July Miss Penhallow awaited with some anxiety the advent of her guests. She was not anxious lest they should not come. It had been too well advertised in Dartmouth and in the summer hotels at Winter Harbor to apprehend that. She only feared that what she had provided might not satisfy their expectations. Had she misrepresented things in the advertisement? Martha wondered. Could she have done anything more to make the place attractive? She looked around the room, as if to satisfy her own doubts, and reflected that it contained every available relic within a radius of twenty miles. The house, it is true, could not show much in the way of antiquities, beyond the massive lock on the front door and the well-preserved wainscoting in the parlor. But Martha had drawn upon the garrets of her accommodating neighbors, and so supplemented her own limited resources with a unique collection of furniture, pottery and *bric-à-brac*. Here was the celebrated Champernoon chair, very ponderous and ugly, but indisputably authentic, since it belonged to Aunt Sarah Bellamy, whose husband's great-grandmother was Champernoon's daughter by adoption. Here, too, was the "celebrated Littlefield spinnet"—to quote from the advertisement—"the most perfect instrument of its kind in the country," which, nevertheless, was bereft of half its keys and all its strings. On either side the spinnet stood one of the "famous Gray chairs," tall, self-conscious pieces of furniture, imported from England in the last century; while on the walls above hung the half dozen dingy canvases described in the advertisement as the "Cutts Ancestral Portraits," and which, in point of fact, had been banished years ago to the Cutts' store-room for their hideous unlikeness to the people whom they were supposed to represent. But this did not lessen their value as antiquities. The collection was all very incongruous, and none of it belonged to the house; but it was very colonial, and Martha had already invested it with a romantic and somewhat harmonious history. Fortunately for the truth of her narrative, the Dartmouth families had so intermarried that there was hardly any article, whether it belonged to the Cuttses,

Littlefields, Sparhawks or Grays, but that had a sort of identification also with the Penhallows.

As the morning passed, however, and the people began to arrive, Martha found no occasion for anxiety. Every one who came—and six carriage-loads drove up before noon—professed the greatest satisfaction and delight. They were mostly Dartmouth people, to be sure, who had some personal interest in the enterprise, and to whom the old house with its contents was no novelty, but they admired it all the same, and assured Martha that the show was worth all the money she asked. If the Dartmouth people thought this, Martha was content. They might be indulgent, but they knew the value of a quarter. Not until the afternoon, when a party from the hotel at Winter Harbor appeared, was her peace of mind disturbed. She was already explaining to an earlier party the ancestral portraits with a fluency acquired by six hours of practice.

"These," she was saying, "are family portraits, mostly of the descendants of Dorothy Penhallow, who married Robert Cutts one hundred years ago. This one, however," pointing to a perfectly indistinguishable canvas, "is supposed to be the portrait of Colonel Joshua Penhallow, who fought with Sir William Pepperell at the battle of Louisburg. It was his grandfather who built the house in the year 1678."

Among the visitors was a young man, on whose face Martha noticed, when she made this statement, a passing smile. The smile irritated her. It implied either dissent from her statements or a confidence between them which did not exist. The young man, who was otherwise an attractive-looking person, had no business to smile. Martha's face flushed, and she passed on to the crockery with even a loftier air than she had yet worn. The crockery was an interesting study and, unconsciously to herself, Martha's face reflected the interest. With each piece she interwove some little fragment of history, associating it all, though it was collected from twenty different places, with her own family, and referring to the several previous generations of Penhallows with an easy familiarity that seemed to remove her out of the present into the remote past. When her description was over, and the people were examining for themselves the several objects, she found herself standing near the young man, who was abstractedly gazing at the alleged portrait of Colonel Joshua Penhallow.

"I beg your pardon," he said deferentially, "but I am very much interested in this picture. Are you sure that it represents Colonel Penhallow?"

Martha maintained a dignified reserve.

"We presume that it does," she said. "It has the Penhallow features, and there is the date of his birth on the back."

The young man laughed.

"It is rather difficult to detect any features," he said, "and what you call a date seems rather to be the number of the picture in some auction sale. I confess I am a little doubtful about it. And there is another point about which I am even more skeptical," he added gravely, and in a lower tone.

Martha tried to listen patiently to the young man. His criticisms were even more disagreeable than his smile.

"What is that?" she asked indifferently.

He hesitated a moment.

"I don't want to seem forward or intruding," he said. "I only refer to it because it is important for you to substantiate all your facts."

"Well?" she remarked, interrogatively.

The young man grew unnecessarily red.

"It's about the age of the house," he said. "I have the best reasons for believing that it was not built until 1758. I mention the fact," he went on hurriedly, "not to annoy you, but to put you on your guard. There are likely to be people here this summer who can tell the age of any of these houses from the peculiarity of their architecture, within ten or fifteen years. If you claim for it an age greater than that you are liable to be contradicted."

Martha looked suggestively at the hall toward which the people were now moving.

"The age of the house is a matter of history," she said firmly; "would you not like to see the other rooms?"

Her manner left nothing more to be said, though it did not by any means express the annoyance which she felt. The young man was entitled, perhaps, to his opinion about the picture; but who should know more about the house than the people who had always lived in it. Who was the young man, anyhow? It was with some expectation that she waited, after they had seen the rest of the house, for him to sign his name in the register—a task which he refrained from performing until she requested it and put the pen in his hand. Then he sat down at the table and wrote in a clear, firm script, which the girl, without seeming to overlook him, had no difficulty in reading.

"Richard Penhallow, New York."

"I am sorry," he said, rising from his chair and turning frankly to Martha, "to have seemed rude. But I have a sort of family interest in the place myself. Old Colonel Penhallow was my great-great grandfather."

For once Martha felt an emotion of gratitude that Grandmother Penhallow took no part in the show. If she had been present and heard this disclosure, Mr. Richard Penhallow would have been at once invited to transfer his abode from the Winter Harbor house to his ancestral home. Martha, for her part, was too deeply irritated to be even hospitable.

"Ah!" she observed calmly, "that makes us very remote cousins, does it not?"

"Very remote!" Mr. Penhallow replied, quite as calmly as herself, though with a suspicion of color on his face.

Martha herself grew red.

"Notice the lock on the front door, ladies," she said in her show-woman's tones, as the party filed out in the hall; "it was intended to fortify the door during the Indian attacks of 1680 and the following years."

There was antagonism in her voice. The people looked at her in surprise, wondering what it meant; while Richard Penhallow, with the flush on his cheek, walked stiffly down the path to the waiting carriage. Martha shut the door with a good deal of emphasis, and went back to the picture of Colonel Penhallow. To her great consternation it had experienced a change. Some one had rubbed off a patch of dirt and varnish, revealing underneath what were unmistakably the form and features of a woman.

Richard Penhallow, as he went out, was not unreasonably angry. He had been angry, indeed, ever since he read in a New York paper that the Penhallows of Dartmouth, following the example of other decayed

New England families, had gone into the show business, and placed their ancestral home on exhibition at twenty-five cents a head; and his indignation had been deepened, not less by the commercial way in which Miss Penhallow conducted the show than by her indifference to his criticisms. He had no interest, of course, in the Dartmouth Penhallows—his branch of the family and theirs had been separated for a hundred years—but he honored his name, and could not bear to have it soiled, either by greed of money or misrepresentation. At the same time, while he disapproved of Miss Penhallow he felt unaccountably interested in her. She was pretty, enterprising and bright. With what an animated face and captivating voice she had described the pictures! Richard knew them to be daubs, and doubted if they had not been picked up in some Boston auction-room, but he could not deny her grace in exhibiting them, whether she believed them to be authentic or not. She was too pretty and too refined, he declared indignantly, to turn herself into a Mrs. Jarley or a female Barnum. He was not a near relative, to be sure—as clearly as he could make out, Miss Penhallow was his third cousin, once removed—but since there was no one nearer, might he not interfere to prevent her bringing the name and herself into contempt? What he could do he was not quite sure. In a sense, the thing was a deception, but Miss Penhallow would neither acknowledge nor remedy it; and he did not want to give it publicity. Indeed, that was what he was chiefly anxious to avoid. While he was revolving the situation, and nursing withal a little feeling of resentment against the young lady, a voice interrupted his meditations. It was that of a man sitting next to him in the carriage, who was also one of the boarders at the hotel, but whose name Richard did not know.

"I beg your pardon," the man said, "but is not your name the same as that of the people who own the old house? I noticed it," he added, "on the register."

"Yes," said Richard briefly; "I am a distant connection."

"And do you happen to know," the man went on, "what the age of the house may be? I ask because I doubt myself whether it is correctly stated in the advertisement."

Richard frowned. The man was evidently one of the kind against whom he had warned Miss Penhallow, and probably knew as much about it already, from external evidence, as Richard himself did from internal.

"Don't you know without being told?" he added.

The man nodded.

"Yes," he said, "I do. I'm an architect, and I've made a special study of colonial buildings. I don't consider it, myself, over one hundred and thirty years old, if indeed it is as old as that. But I want to be corroborated. Don't you know when it was built?" he asked insistently.

Richard hesitated.

"You don't want to use the information to their disadvantage?" he asked slowly.

The other laughed.

"My dear fellow!" he said, "advertisements always lie. Life is too short to follow them up; and Miss Penhallow is so dead in earnest that no one could have the heart to expose her. I want to know purely in the interest of art."

Richard felt a spasm of disgust at the profane allusion to his third cousin once removed.

"Oh well," he said, "there's no particular reason why I shouldn't tell you what I know. The house was built by my great-great grandfather, Colonel Joshua

Penhallow, in 1758. There was an earlier house built by his grandfather in 1678, but that burned down, and the present one occupies its site. I have old letters myself, written by Colonel Penhallow, stating the facts. Perhaps the bricks of the old chimney were used for this one; but that is all—"

"Pardon me, sir!" broke in a voice from behind; "but did you say 1758?"

Richard looked around and discovered a young and rather seedy-looking man, who had evidently been listening to the conversation.

"I was not addressing my remarks to you, sir," he said coldly.

"Not consciously, perhaps, sir," the young man observed, making some hasty notes at the same time on his cuff—"not consciously, but I was nevertheless one of your auditors. Colonel Joshua Penhallow, I think you said—1758—thank you, sir."

"But my conversation was a private one," Richard angrily declared; "and I must forbid you to report it. I assume that you are a reporter," he said distantly.

"I represent the Boston *Pegasus*," he said impressively; "and the *Pegasus* is a servant of the Public. What the Public want we must supply. What the Public want just now is the true inwardness of the Penhallow house, and I am down here to get it."

Richard looked helplessly at the architect.

"What can I do?" he asked. "Shall I pitch him out of the carriage?"

The other shook his head.

"Wouldn't do any good," he said in an undertone; "the fellow is a cad and a sneak. The more you say the worse he will make it appear in the paper. Mollify him, if you can, when you get back to the hotel; that is all you can do."

Richard sank back in the seat and for the rest of the drive maintained a gloomy silence. He found no opportunity to try the mollifying process, for when they reached the hotel the reporter, with an airy nod, disappeared in the direction of his room. Richard pictured him writing a highly colored and sensational account of the whole proceeding. The thought of his own powerlessness irritated him. He felt that he owed it to Miss Penhallow to acquaint her with the facts and to urge her once more to correct the misstatement of her advertisements. Ordering a horse and buggy he started out again after tea for the old house.

It was not Miss Penhallow who came to the door, but an old lady, who announced herself as "Marthy's grandmother," and said she supposed he was Richard Penhallow. "I'd know you anywhere," she added, "by the Penhallow look."

"So I've got it?" he said laughingly.

"Got it!" she exclaimed. "It's all over you. Now Marthy favors the Browns. Her ma was a Brown. But here's Marthy," as that young lady entered the parlor and greeted Richard with a frigid bow. Evidently Miss Penhallow was not disposed to make it easy for him.

"Will you sit down?" she asked coldly, as if it were a matter of unimportance whether he did or did not.

"Thanks," he said, courteously taking the offered chair; "I must apologize, Miss Penhallow, for coming so unceremoniously to-night, but what I feared this afternoon has actually happened. There was a Boston architect in the party, who declares that the house is not more than one hundred and thirty years old. He appealed to me for corroboration."

Miss Penhallow elevated her pretty head.

"It was he, I suppose," she said, "who rubbed the

varnish off the picture—unless you did it yourself, Mr. Penhallow."

Richard's face wore a look of surprise not unmixed with anger.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "I don't understand."

Martha took the lamp and held it up before the Penhallow portrait.

"Do you see that?" she asked. "That is the trick which one of your party played."

Richard surveyed the canvas with bewilderment. It was no more than he himself had expected about the portrait, but who had had the temerity to put his theory to the test? All at once a sudden gleam broke upon him.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "it was that beggarly reporter."

An evident look of relief came over Martha's face. Penhallow wondered if she had really been accusing him of the desecration.

"Well," she said, more graciously, "it is more like what a reporter would do. Did you corroborate your architect's theory?"

"I told him what I knew, Miss Penhallow."

"Pardon me," she said, "you told him what you believed. It is a matter of history that the house was built in 1678. Grandmother will tell you that."

The old lady nodded her head.

"My husband's grandfather's great-grandfather built it," she said. "He was Increase Penhallow, and that was in 1678."

"Yes," said Richard, "there was a house built here then, but that was burned down eighty years later. This one was erected on its site. I have letters at home," he went on more hurriedly, as he saw a frown of incredulity on Martha's face, "from my great-great-grandfather referring to the fire and to his purpose of immediately rebuilding."

Martha's frown grew less skeptical. Her face, indeed, as she looked toward her grandmother, expressed some anxiety. But the old lady maintained a cheerful composure.

"Yes," she said, "I heard tell of the fire; but seems to me it was the other house down the road, where Colonel Joshua lived until his father died. That did burn down and was built up again, and then it burned down once more in my time. Perhaps we've got the two mixed up," she added; "but we've always lived here, and it ain't likely."

"Of course it isn't likely," said Martha, whose brow had once more cleared.

Richard began to wish he had never come to Dartmouth. The blood rushed up in his face with a sense of his predicament and of the explanation that he had yet to make.

"Well," he said, plunging into the disagreeable task, "it may be open to doubt, and it wouldn't be of any importance anyhow, but that this scoundrelly reporter has got hold of it, and I'm afraid he'll write it up in the Boston newspapers."

Martha's face burned with quick vexation.

"Did the reporter get his facts from you?" she asked.

This question put Richard in a still more unpleasant position.

"Well," he said reluctantly, "in a sense, he did."

Miss Penhallow had been sitting in the celebrated Champnoon chair. In her indignation she got up, moved a step or two toward the young man, and looked him in the face.

"In a sense!" she repeated. "If he got them from

you at all, it doesn't matter how he got them. You ought to have been sure that they were facts, Mr. Penhallow, before you ventilated them. Now I suppose we shall appear as impostors in your friend's paper, and my business here will all be broken up."

Penhallow's brow darkened.

"I hope to heaven it will!" he cried. "You had no business to go into it. It brings far more discredit upon the family name than my giving a gentlemanly stranger some facts which a low newspaper man, whom you are pleased to call my friend, overhears and turns to his own ends. It's like a side-show to a circus," he exclaimed wrathfully, looking around the quaint old room, "or an old curiosity shop at a church fair."

Grandmother Penhallow had risen to her feet, and was shaking with approbation.

"You're a Penhallow born and bred!" she cried. "I've been down on it from the start; but Marthy, she's so sot there's no doin' anything with her."

Martha meanwhile had met Richard's gaze with one that was as steady and as resentful as his own.

"People must live," she said, "and a family name isn't particularly nourishing. We aren't as well off as you are, Mr. Penhallow, and the only alternative to this kind of business is the cotton mill. If you and grandmother think that on the whole it would be less objectionable for me to go out and work at the loom I suppose I might do that. It wouldn't pay us quite so well as this, but maybe it would be more creditable. Indeed, I'll probably have to do it when your newspaper man's article appears."

Richard gave a quick start. He had been in the cotton mills at Dartmouth, and marveled that any one could live in their dusty, heated atmosphere. The hungry-looking children and pale-faced girls had excited his compassion. They were foreigners, mostly—French Canadians or Irish—and the thought that Martha Penhallow might have to do such work and be exposed to such associations filled him with horror.

"You must not!" he cried passionately. "It would be shocking!"

"Well," said Martha meditatively, "there is the shoe shop; I might try that."

He had very little idea of what was done at a shoe shop, but the name suggested a cobbler's bench, waxed ends and lasts.

"I will go back to the hotel," he exclaimed, taking his hat, "and see if I cannot intercept that wretch's letter. But I am afraid it is too late."

Penhallow was right. When he reached the hotel he found that the reporter had gone, after advising every one in the house to look out for Saturday's *Pegasus*. All that Richard could do was to write a letter to the editor of the paper requesting him to refrain from any personal allusion to the Penhallows, and to possess his soul in patience for the remainder of the week. When Saturday at length came there was even more interest than usual displayed in the mail, and copies of the *Pegasus* were in demand. Richard was the recipient of one, which he took to his room. When he opened it his glance fell at once on an article marked with a blue pencil, and introduced by the following startling head-lines:

"A COLONIAL HUMBUG.

"AN OLD NEW ENGLAND FAMILY ON ITS LAST LEGS—FRANTIC EFFORTS TO ESCAPE THE POOR-HOUSE—THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE PENHALLOWS TURNED INTO A SHOW-ROOM—POVERTY AND PRIDE—A FAMILY FEUD—RANK IMPOSTURE."

This was atrocious! But what followed was even more offensive. The article went on to recite the his-

tory of the case from the reporter's standpoint, alleging imposture and deceit in the matter of the picture and the age of the house; stating that a distant connection of the family who had come on from New York expressly to confute Miss Penhallow's unfounded claims, having fallen a victim to that young lady's charms, was now trying to suppress his own testimony of a few days since; and virtuously moralizing over the degeneracy of the old New England families in general and this one in particular. "The Dartmouth Penhallows," it concluded, "and especially Miss Martha Penhallow, had better confine themselves to the agricultural and domestic pursuits, in which their ancestors gained an honored name, and leave the show business, with its devious ways, to Barnum and Bunnell."

Penhallow crushed the paper in his hand, wishing he might do the same to the reporter, and strode down stairs in the main desire to avert the scandal. But there was nothing that he could do. Already, as he saw, it was in the mouth of every one at the hotel, and their furtive looks assured him that they had accepted its statement regarding himself. Whatever he might say in Miss Penhallow's defense would be regarded as corroborative proof of his interest in the young lady. So artfully had the reporter done his work that Richard could not even deny the main facts. He wanted to go to Miss Penhallow and express to her his abhorrence of the article, but she could hardly have seen it herself, and it would not do for him to be the first to show it to her. And if he did go, what should he say? If he assured her that when he left New York he did not know what age she claimed for the house, and had no intention of contradicting it, would she believe him? Could he deny that he was now willing to surrender his own judgment in the matter to hers? And would she respect him if he did surrender it? Really it was a perplexing situation. Richard's heart was full of wrath toward the fiend who had brought him into the predicament, and of a growing tenderness and compassion toward the young girl who had been so cruelly attacked.

It was Tuesday before he ventured to drive in the direction of the house, and then to his astonishment he saw a wagon before the door piled up with furniture, among which he recognized the stately Gray chairs. Were the rooms being dismantled? He drove his horse up to the fence, tied it and went in. The parlor was empty, except for Miss Penhallow herself, who sat looking tired and dispirited in the Champersnoon chair.

"This is a great trouble to me, Miss Penhallow," Richard began; "I cannot express to you how deeply I regret it."

She looked up at him, wearily.

"You see," she said, "what it has done."

"But why are you sending the things away?"

Her face flushed.

"Because every one wanted them back. All the people who had loaned me anything came one by one yesterday and said that there had been so much noise made about the thing that they would like to get out of it. Only dear old Aunt Martha Bellamy said I might keep this chair. She didn't believe a word of it, she said—"

Miss Penhallow's voice choked.

"It was an outrage!" he cried. "I shall never cease to deplore my own participation in it. There is one way," he said at length, stopping before her, "in which I can make reparation."

She looked up inquiringly and unsuspectingly.

"Be my wife!" he exclaimed, reaching out his hands.

"There is already kinship between us; let it be still nearer. It is only a little while since I first saw you,

but it is long enough for me to have learned to love you. Might you not care for me? I have stood in your way, I know; but it was because of the love that woke up in my heart that first day. I could not bear to see you in a false position. Forgive me, if I have seemed to be unkind, and let me pay the debt which I owe you with my love."

Martha had covered her face with her hands.

"Oh!" she cried; "that was what the paper said."

"It was the only true thing in the paper," he declared. "It was told in a brutal way, but it was true. I do love you, Martha. For your sake I am willing to believe that the house was built before the Flood. I will accept the picture as that of Colonel Penhallow—General Washington, if you insist upon it."

She shook her head.

"No," she said, "it is not that. You had a right to any opinion you pleased. Indeed, Mr. Penhallow, it makes no difference to me what you think. I would not have you change your mind, at any rate, for my sake. It would be fickle and inconsistent."

"Love is never consistent," he urged.

A quick light flashed in her eyes.

"A man's love never is," she declared. "It is selfish. It does an injury and asks for a favor in return."

Penhallow bowed his head.

"Forgive me," he murmured.

Her voice softened.

"I do forgive you, Mr. Penhallow; but I cannot forget that I had an opportunity here and you helped to destroy it. It is impossible that I should care for you."

She said the words with some positiveness, but his keen eye did not overlook the flush that crept upon her cheek.

"Just yet"—he remarked experimentally.

The flush deepened into crimson, but she did not repel his suggestion.

"I have still a great deal to do," she said, rising from her chair. "Will you excuse me if I set about it?"

He preceded her to the door.

"I am going away this afternoon, Cousin Martha," he said. "May I come back again in September?"

She hesitated a moment.

"If you want to," she said quietly.

There was not much encouragement in the tone, but the color lingered on her face, and her look was half

averted as she bade him good-by. He untied his horse and drove away to the town with a feeling that, under the circumstances, his adventure had not turned out so ill. It still remained for him to do one piece of work in Dartmouth before he went away.

As for Martha's feelings toward her Cousin Richard she could hardly tell what they actually were. When she first met him, though his manner vexed her, she thought him the most engaging man she had ever seen, and the only one, indeed, for whom she could particularly care. She had felt toward him a sense of antagonism, but the feeling was hard to keep up, even when he had offended her the most. She would not acknowledge to herself that she cared for him—yet; though she took pleasure in the confession of his love for her and in the promise that he would return in the fall. Her judgment told her that his share in the misfortune that had befallen her was too slight to be a cause of offense, though she might still pretend to be unconcerned on account of it. She went about her work that day with a lighter heart on account of what he had told her, and with the consciousness that whatever else happened, she had made enough out of the week's exhibition to pay the interest on the mortgage. The old house was safe, at any rate, for six months.

By another day she had learned that it would always be safe. A letter from one of the Dartmouth lawyers, addressed to Miss Martha Penhallow, informed her that the mortgage had been paid off, and inclosed the necessary legal papers certifying the fact. Who had paid it he did not tell, nor did Martha need to be told. Only one person could have done it. If he had been a stranger she might have resented it, but he was a Penhallow, and that gave him the right.

"Grandmother!" she cried, "we needn't trouble ourselves any more about the house. Mr. Penhallow has paid off the mortgage!"

The grandmother looked up wisely through her spectacles.

"Ah!" she said. "I told you he was a Penhallow, born and bred. What'd he go away for, Marthy? Ain't he comin' back again?"

A happy light shone in Martha's eyes.

"He is coming—in September," she said absently.

EACH ONE OF US.

(The following poem is copied by permission from the original manuscript of Martin Farquhar Tupper, now in the fine autographic collection of Mr. Edward W. Bok, of Brooklyn, New York. It carries with it the author's certificate that the poem has for many years been out of print.)

Man! weak insect, poor and proud!
Atom, lost amid the crowd;
Ever pushing on through life,
Buffeted by sinful strife!
Man! mere drop of all those seas,
Leaf among the forest trees;
Paltry pebble on the shore,
Heap'd by myriad—myriads more!
Man! mean item in the list—
Hardly counted, little miss'd;
Unconsidered and unknown,
Lightly cared for—left alone!
Daily toiling in thy lot,
And, when dead, remembered not—
Man! how evil is thy state,
Cold and stern and desolate!

Man! rare chrysalis of Light!
Watched and nursed by angels bright,
Heir of Grandeurs! Soon to be
Ripened and revealed in Thee!
Man! true claimant of the skies,
Owner of Creation's prize;
Waiting meek at Glory's door,
King among ten thousand more!
Man! great end of all, beside
To the Lord of ALL allied!
Undiscovered lump of gold,
Spring unseal'd of joys untold;
In thy duties daily blest,
And, when all are done, at REST!
Man! how beautiful and divine
Is this low estate of thine!

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD IV—CHAPTER I.

THE lives of the Professor, of Mrs. Forth, of Sarah—of all those with whom we have had any concern—are poorer by a full year than when we left them. The "Fragments of Menander" have been given to the world; and as certainly not less than three people have read them, they may be said to have been a success. So much so, at all events, as to encourage the Professor to delve and grub in the entrails of the Fathers for new Fragments. For the present, however, he has to delve and grub alone. For the present his secretary has broken down; for the present the pack-horse has sunk down beneath its pack. Doubtless it will soon be set on its legs again, and enabled to resume it; but, for the present, its back is unladen, and it is turned out to grass. Months of unlightened, hopeless, joyless labor! Her only wonder in looking back afterward upon them is that they did not sooner work their inevitable effect. Months of unrelenting application, of chest-contracting bending over manuscript and proof; of entire absence of exercise and relaxation—for of her own will she has forsworn both. Thought is dead, memory fainter—and for what object but to kill both does she now live—in the exhaustion consequent on overwork? Why and for whom should she spare herself? She will go until she drops. And the Professor, delighted to acquiesce unquestioningly in a metamorphosis so greatly to his advantage, always incurious as to interests that lie out of his own beat, and with the professed invalid's radical incredulity as to the possibility of any one else being either sick or weary, drives his willing horse merrily along, until one fine day she falls down between the shafts. How glad she is when the breakdown comes! How intensely she prays that it may be the final one! But it is not so. By whatever door Mrs. Forth is to leave this world, it is certainly not by that of the entire derangement of the nervous system, for which attentive doctors unanimously prescribe immediate change, idleness, pleasure. The Professor is always angry with any one for being ill; but against a sickness which involves undone work, expensive medicine and a costly move, his indignation is too deep for words. He is scarcely more angry with her, however, for falling sick, than she is with herself for recovering. For as long as possible she has discredited it. Her physic bottles vex him hardly more than do her returning appetite, restored slumber, waxing flesh and waning fever herself. She has wished to die; and he, since she has turned out so unhealthy, would not be sorry to be rid of her. And so she lives; lives to put him to the expense of a migration to the English Lakes. He seems unable to shake off the idea that she has done it on purpose.

It has been as usual a wet morning, and to the bounds of the Lowood Hotel on Windermere all its impatient guests have been confined. Now that afternoon has come, it has brought with it a sort of doubtful fairness; more a cessation of storm than anything approaching positive fine weather. Wray's Castle, lifting its gray towers from its woods exactly opposite, has come into

sight again. The Langdale Pikes have just shaken the rain-clouds off their notchy crests; but they hang poised above, ready at once to descend and clip them again. They have still fast hold of Wetherlam, though their lucent lightness shows that the sun is just behind them, and will presently drive his brave, bright car over their vaporous bodies. It is very clear, from the high-flung windows of a sitting-room on the second floor, and also from the fact of its being a sitting-room at all, firstly that Professor Forth is not in it, and secondly that it is not his. Since his wife's sister and grandmother have thought it necessary to give her the meeting here, he has no objection to her taking advantage of their salon, since he is quite unequal to the expense of providing her with one of her own.

In a horse-hair arm-chair of that peculiar lodging-house build which pinions the arms and forces the head forward, sits Mrs. Churchill, placidly watching an unlading coach. At a certain somewhat early period of old age, given an easy temper and an entire absence of feeling, a person often appears for a few years to stand stationary. Since we last saw her Mrs. Churchill has stood stationary. Not one more has been added to the number of her few wrinkles, and her old dimple still goes and comes with her agreeable smile. On the sofa, by right of her invalidhood, Belinda is lying, with a crop head of little curls; and out of the window not occupied by Mrs. Churchill, Sarah is hanging most of her body, alternately watching with feverish interest, and looking back over her own shoulder to chronicle the doings of the family who occupy the floor beneath them, and who, happily for her, have a balcony upon which they now and then emerge.

"There are two brothers, and two sisters, and a wife," cries she animatedly. "I cannot make out to whom the wife belongs; none of them seem to care much about her!"

"Perhaps she had money," rejoins Mrs. Churchill; "dear me!" returning to the contemplation of her coach, "what a load for those poor horses, and how they are smoking!"

"They are all out on the balcony now," says Sarah, delighted; "come quick, Belinda, and look!"

"I will take your word for it," replies Belinda lazily.

"It makes one quite wretched to see such cruelty!" says Mrs. Churchill, in a thoroughly comfortable voice, pursuing her own subject.

"They have been playing battledore and shuttlecock," says Sarah narratively. "I wish we had a battledore and shuttlecock."

"Whom would you expect to play with you?" asks her grandmother dryly; "the Professor, or me?"

"They have dropped the shuttlecock into the road," continues Sarah narratively, and in a tone of breathless interest. "There is another man with them now; he cannot be a third brother; they are betting him a shilling that he will not climb over the balcony and swarm down the iron leg to fetch it. What a fool he will be if he does! Surely I have seen him before somewhere! I wish he would look up. Why, granny! Belinda! Belinda!—it is—it must be—young Bellairs!"

This time both obey her summons; but whether it be that their footsteps make more noise than they are aware of, or for whatever other reason, some of the party below choose this unfortunate moment to look up; and in a second they have all three slunk shamefacedly back again.

"Young Bellairs! Poor young Bellairs!" cries Sarah, throwing herself into a chair and chuckling. "Young Bellairs, and the dingey! Do you remember, Belinda?"

(It is not very likely that Belinda has forgotten.)

"I wonder is there a dingey here that I could take him out in?" says Miss Churchill thoughtfully. "Granny, are you aware that a dingey only holds two? but if you insist upon it, in the interests of propriety, we will squeeze you in as well."

Mrs. Churchill laughs.

"I need not decide at once, need I?" says she, entering into the joke; "and as the dingey is not here, and the carriage is, we may as well be setting off on our drive."

"He will see me get in!" cries Sarah, skipping to the glass, and adjusting her hat; "they watch us quite as much as we watch them. Well, let him! I flatter myself that I can get into a carriage with any woman in England!"

They are gone (not, however, before Miss Churchill has once again put in her head to say urgently, "Mind that you keep a good look-out upon them!"): and Belinda has the sitting-room and all the horse-hair chairs to herself. Perhaps the better to comply with her sister's exhortations, she abandons the sofa, and drawing up her grandmother's chair yet closer to the window, looks dreamily out on the lake, from which the hotel is parted only by the road, a quickset hedge, and a strip of grass. Upon the lower foreground hills opposite—so dark a second ago—what a nation of sunbeams has swooped! and now, as quickly they are gone again, and only the lawn that slopes to the water has become dazzling green as any chrysoprased.

If she had died as she wished, she would not have seen that chrysoprased green, nor the masterless wavelets sucking in riot in among the stakes of the little pier; nor the small white yacht courtseying and congeeing along over them. Is it worth while to have kept alive, in order to be looking at them here—alone?

What a noise the family below are making! What can they be doing? Surely they must be engaged in some pastime more violent than battledore and shuttlecock. They sound as if they were throwing chairs at each other. How plainly she can distinguish Bellairs' voice.

It was at St. Ursula's party that she first heard that voice. It was in answer to some sentence addressed to her by that voice, that her own suddenly broke down; it was while that voice was still in her ears that she caught sight once again of him who made her inattentive to all voices! She moves uneasily in her chair. She wishes that Bellairs had not come.

What a sudden spurt of daring glory on the stern necks of the Langdale Pikes! She can see their hollow deep clefts, and their scattered verdure, broken through by green rock-masses. She discovers a waterfall hanging unmoving on the mountain flank. How they are giving up their gray secrets to the sun! It is cruel to be looking at them all alone! to have to look now and forever at all fair sights alone! She should be used to the thought by now, surely. What is it that is giving it such new and pricking life to-day? Is it Bellairs' voice? She will hear it less, perhaps, if she have some occupation to distract her.

She takes up the advertisement-sheet of the *Times*, lying near her, on the floor, and throws her eyes over the Births, Deaths and Marriages.

For months she has been unable to read the Obituary without envying every one of the dead people recorded in it: the old man gently extinguished at eighty; the deeply-mourned wife, torn away in her prime; the strong man violently perishing in flood or field; the tiny sister-children swept away within two days of each other, by the hot fever. There is not one among them all that she does not envy! They are out of it! They have done with it! done with the tangle, done with the heart-break, done with the strife! She envies them now. And through them all she still hears plainly the voice of Bellairs.

Thank Heaven, however, she will not hear it any more for the present. He has gone out. Surely that is he sauntering down to the little pier, with a smart girl in a red cotton gown—a red cotton gown that but now incarnadined the balcony beneath Mrs. Forth.

He is unfastening a little boat; he is helping his companion in! Belinda laughs aloud. Some one has been too quick for Sarah! Some one has stepped down into the dingey before her!

The incident gives a lighter turn to her meditations, and she drops the obituary, and follows with her eyes the little boat and its two occupants, with as eager an attention as her sister might have given it, until it becomes a speck upon the water. She laughs again. There is a sound of wheels. Is it her grandmother and Sarah returning? She longs for them to come back, to have the pleasure of telling them. She leans her charming cropped head out of the window. No! it is a coach changing horses; next a *char-à-banc* disgorging its stiff-legged load; and now, for variety of interest, a steamer is coming churning up to the little pier. Will any one get out of it? Any one to form a new element at the *table-d'hôte* to-night, and be speculated about as one speculates upon the lives and habits of those with whom an hotel life brings one into brief and jostling contact? The steamer is crowded, black with thick-packed heads. But it seems as if no one were minded to alight from her.

Yes, one man has landed; a man now crossing the pier with a knapsack on his back; a pedestrian tourist, obviously. Very likely an Oxbridge man, with a Plato in his wallet, come to woo philosophy in the heart of the hills. If he is so, perhaps she may know him—by sight at all events. She rubs her eyes. What tricks they play one! Do they see ill, or is there a little something in the man's gate that might remind her of—but no! it is the sight of Bellairs, and the memories he has roused that have put such an insanity into her head. Perhaps sickness has left her vision weak and deceptive. He is drawing nearer—very near, past the strip of grass, through the wicket, across the road. She has been thrusting her head out of window to have a nearer view, and the better to correct her delusion. But suddenly she draws it in again, and with a small, choked cry, falls back in the horse-hair chair. It is not corrected! It is confirmed, and turned into truth and certainty. For a few moments she lies stock-still. Has her face caught from Wetherlam and the Pikes some of their stormy illumination? If she had died, she would not have seen him crossing that pier, treading that path, unlatching that wicket-gate!

It has been hitherto only in her dreams that he has ever walked toward her. She is glad—oh, glad—that she did not die! And what has brought him hither? Is it possible that he has heard of her presence here,

and, unable any longer to endure those torments which had so nearly laid her low, has fled hither in madness to rejoin her? But in a second she has exonerated him from the suspicion. She had told him to go, and he had gone; and she knows him well enough to feel sure that, without her bidding—cost him what it might—he would not return. It is, then, an accident! a happy, most happy accident! What pleasant accidents can and may happen! For an accident no one can be blamed. For an accident no one's conscience need smite them. All the consequences of an accident may be taken with an easy mind.

Her eyes stray away toward the high mountains, but once again they are grasped so close in the cloud's moist arms, that not a glimpse of crest or ridge is to be caught. Are they not tired of their centenary—nay, æon-long fight with the vapors? Worst, worst, will there never be an end to it? It is like her fight with her own heart. Vapors, sunbeams, waterfalls; to-morrow—to-morrow she will be looking at you not alone. To-morrow! But will he be still here to-morrow? Unless she give him leave to stay (and how dare she give that leave?) may not he be off before day-dawn?

By the noise below her window, she knows that another coach has driven up, and is changing horses. A panic seizes her. What security has she that he may not have halted here for only ten minutes, and be going on by it? She springs up trembling, and returning to the window again, looks out, but this time in hiding behind the curtain. Two or three of the passengers have got down, and are beginning to climb back into their places again. Some luggage is being hauled from the roof. She scans narrowly the crowded travelers, and then draws a long breath. There is not one among them that bears the most fugitive resemblance to him. She is reprieved. He will be here, at all events, till to-morrow. He will dine, almost certainly, at the *table-d'hôte*.

An excited smile breaks over her face. She will have the advantage over him. She will expect to see him; and he will not expect to see her. Will the shock be too much for him? Will he be betrayed by its suddenness into any too evident and overt emotion? But no! He is a man, now; strong and self-contained. How much older he has grown to look at! Even her one cursory glance has told her that. A pang of regret for that passionate gone boyhood, which was so absolutely hers, contracts her heart. No! he will show no emotion. Perhaps he will turn a shade paler. As for her, she will not be pale, neither red.

Her thought breaks off abruptly, dispersed and banished by a knock at the door. Ere she can cry, "Come in!" forestalling her permission of admittance, one of the heated and hurried hotel waiters, chronically rushing from Sunday morning to Saturday night, has entered—has deposited a note before her, and has disappeared ere she has time to put any question as to its source and origin. Not that there is much need for such, although only twice before in all her life has she seen that handwriting. A mixed memory of the two former occasions rushes storming back upon her mind; a memory of the misery of that early summer morning in Dresden; of the hell of that Folkestone winter evening. She has come in for a good deal of misery in her day. She looks in procrastination at the device on the seal—it is sealed—and at the address. Surely his handwriting, too, is changed; more virile, steadier, less emotional. She holds the note between her two palms (how lately he has held it in his!) in a trembling luxury of delay. It is only the recollection of how soon, how im-

mediately, how at once, her solitude may be put an end to by the return of her sister and grandmother, that at length decides her to open it. What can he have to say to her? Not much, whatever it is. It will not take her long to read.

"I have just seen your name in the Visitors' Book; believe me, it is by a pure accident that I am here; must I go? If I do not see you at the *table-d'hôte*, I shall understand that I must. D. R."

Long after she has mastered its contents—surely not difficult of comprehension—she remains staring at the page with wide dull eyes: a feeling of blankest disappointment at her heart. And yet, had she expected him, in writing, on a paper committed to a careless hand—a paper that might easily go astray, or be lost—to break out into compromising, culpable endearments? She would be outraged by the suggestion. But oh! it is cruel, *cruel* of him to have thrust the weight of the decision upon her; to have taken their meeting out of the province of accident into which she had joyfully recognized it as having fallen!

Since he has forced choice upon her, there is but one way in which she can choose. He must have known it! He must have done it on purpose! Honorable of him? Perhaps! Her mind gives a frigid assent. But oh, cold, cold, and most cruel! His very face had told her that he was changed. He has grown wise at last. Well, he shall never know that she was not as wise as he.

She has crumpled the paper angrily in her hand, and begun to walk agitatedly up and down the room, pressing and kneading it with her fevered fingers. Then her mood changes, and she stops and anxiously smooths out the letter again. Perhaps she is wronging him. Perhaps in the first stun of that surprise he has scarcely known what he wrote; has not perceived the drift of his own words. Perhaps, on a closer examination, she may find, by the tremulousness of his characters, that he had not his wits about him. But no. There is no tremulousness. Strong and decided is each up and down stroke. The man who penned that note was obviously in fullest possession of his intellect and mastery over his nerves. She is still poring over the few matter-of-fact words, vainly trying to wrench them into a sense that they cannot bear, when a high, light laugh, which cannot be ascribed to any one but Miss Churchill, heard on the landing outside, makes her, in guilty haste, thrust the document into her pocket. It is only just in time; for there is always a sort of whirlwind suddenness about Sarah's entries.

"Well!" cries she, in high excitement, "have you kept a good look-out, as I told you! Has he discovered that I am here? Where is he? what has he been doing?"

It is a proof how far Mrs. Forth's thoughts have been straying from the young gentleman in question, that at first she looks back at her sister in blank stupidity, not understanding to what or whom she alludes.

"Who?" she says thickly; "what?—Oh!" (with a forced laugh; comprehension coming tardily back), "of course! but I have bad news for you: he went out at once in a *dingey*—I do not think they call them *dingies* here—but at all events in a little cockboat—with the girl in red."

"Did he?" replies Sarah, simulating the first symptoms of a swoon, and falling in a heap upon the sofa; "then, granny, cut my stay-laces, and burn every goose-quill you can find in the room under my nose; for there is nothing left me but to faint!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER X.

LINDA looked more and more mystified as the appointed hour drew near next day, and Miss Dunbar made no move to change the quiet brown gingham and linen collar she had worn all the morning.

She hovered about anxiously, remarking to George at last:

"If Miss 'Lizabeth wasn't lookin' jes' so calm an' easy, I'd feel like as if she was maybe a little out o' her mind. There she sits, an', shuah as you're born, there's three gals comin' up the walk in chintzes. They's all done gone crazy together."

"I reckon we'll all know it mighty well if Miss 'Lizabeth ever do go out her head," George returned with indignation. "I believes with her, chintzes is plenty good enuff for dis yer no-account place."

"I keers for de credit of de family," Linda returned with dignity. "Miss 'Lizabeth hadn't ought to do jes' as if she was common white trash an' hadn't no clo'es a-lyin' in piles, an' she never seemin' to keer. An' she jes' laughs when I asks her to look more as if she'd come all the way from Washington, an' done tole me yesterday she left thar jes' because she was tired o' clo'es."

"Dere ain't no accountin' fur de female min'," began George, cut short by a bang of the door, as Linda, at the sound of the detested words, fled into the dining-room, from whence she emerged, as the knocker sounded, to usher in the two Pettis girls and their cousin, Maria Prescott, from the "Falls," the three being followed almost immediately by Molly Peters, whose round eyes asked the question her lips would never think of doing. Then came the two teachers, Susan Finch and Anna Freeman, and behind them Marilla Prentiss and Hannah Hartwick, girls of fourteen, both ministers' daughters, and inseparable friends. Molly Cushing came in, smiling in spite of herself, and making room for Sybil, who entered shyly, and then half smiled as she looked at the puzzled faces. Miss Dunbar smiled, too, as she rose and looked about.

"You are all very good," she said; "much better than I feared you might be, to come so promptly on such a mysterious errand. I am not sure either that you will stay when you know exactly what I want."

At this point a shuffle was heard on the back door-steps, and George's voice protesting:

"Go 'way now. You done done your business yesterday. Miss Dunbar don't want none o' your kind o' trash about."

"She told me I was to come with my brother, both two of us," came from Antoine Dunning, who stood his ground.

"Tell them to sit down in the dining-room till I call them, Linda," Miss Dunbar said, and again the company exchanged glances, and tried to look unconscious, though a shocked expression was to be seen on the faces of both Marilla Prentiss and Hannah Hartwick, who were accustomed to think and hear of "the Dunning boys" as synonyms for Satan's imps or something near it.

"You see, girls, I have taken for granted that you will all help me," Miss Dunbar went on. "I did think of making a little speech, telling you, as politicians do,

the pleasure I find in being with you, and how I trust we are to be mutually advantageous to one another; but that does not come to the point, which is just this: I am one of you now. I am just as proud of the beauty of the village as you all are—just as disturbed at anything that destroys ever so little the neat, well-kept, prosperous look of any part of it. And so I have taken for granted that every one of you will join with me in helping to put the old graveyard into a little better order. I want you all to go there with me this afternoon, and do what we can in two or three hours' work, coming back here to supper and as pleasant an evening as we can make for one another. If there is anybody here who is not interested, and would rather not join us, let her speak now."

"It may be fun," Charlotte Pettis said, after a moment's silence, "but it isn't girls' work, and I don't believe we can do any particular good. What's the use, anyway?"

Miss Charlotte, whose voice had gained in confidence as she spoke, looked down affectionately on her very pretty hands, and then glanced at her sister's.

"There are various uses," Miss Dunbar answered. "If we bury our dead we owe it to them to make their resting-place neat, even if it is nothing else, and keeping neat is always part of woman's work. And I think it meets a want some of you seem to feel; for I have heard heavy complaint from several of you that a good deal of the time you don't know what to do with yourselves. Here is very positive occupation for several afternoons, and if you are all willing there are other things to follow."

"The selectmen will make a fuss," said Charlotte, half questioningly, half as if stating a fact.

"Don't mind her," said Ellen, putting her hand over her sister's lips. "She always objects, and then does more than anybody. I think it will be great fun. Are the Dunning boys part of it?"

"Yes, and some one else if he can get there. Abel Hinchman has promised to come for an hour and see where he is needed most, and they will do the hardest work. This is only the beginning. Now, if you are all agreed, we will start at once."

"Will 'Old Mortality' be there?" asked Hannah Hartwick, in a faint little voice as all went down the path to the gate. "You said an afternoon and evening with Old Mortality, and Ma said she guessed it was one of your city friends."

"He is a friend, certainly, and from my childhood, but I had to go to him," Miss Dunbar answered. "He never came to me. I have seen all the ground he used to journey over, and shall show it to you this evening. Sybil, come here and tell the girls all about Old Mortality."

Sybil blushed deeply, and looked doubtfully at Hannah, who took hold of Marilla's hand, as if to gain confidence, then said:

"I don't see how she can know anything about him."

"She does. She has read about him in a wonderful book."

"A true book or a story book?" ventured Marilla.

"Both."

"Stories can't be true. My father won't let me read them, because they are not true."

"This one is true," Miss Dunbar said, "and Sybil will soon prove it to you."

"Was it a man or a horse," said Hannah. "It sounds like a horse."

"Both," said Sybil mischievously, for her spirits were rising. There was nothing formidable about these two girls, fully as shy as herself, and soon she was in full tide of story-telling, the two listening to her with absorbed attention. Maria Prescott dropped behind the others and listened too, for Sybil's voice, though low, was very clear, and in her interest it rose a little, till the two Pettis girls looked around in surprise. The twenty minutes' walk had not exhausted the subject, and Sybil, as they pushed open the narrow gate, promised to go on when the chance should come again.

"You see how it needs us," Miss Dunbar said, as the girls looked around in dismay. "Our better way will be to take just one end to-day and see what we can do. You see there are traces of what used to be paths. One went straight up the middle and the other crossed it in the centre. We'll take the upper quarter. There is Abel with his hoes. Now, Antoine and Paul, you will do just what Abel wants, and be ready whenever I call to come to me. Hannah and Marilla, here are three graves close together, and a mat of vines over them. Pull up all you can and pile together down there in that open space. The boys can gather it from there and take it outside. Girls, you see just what is wanted. Let us each take a little space and do what we can. Charlotte and Ellen, come with me. I think we shall all be needed in digging out the letters on this flat stone, and we can rest on it when we are tired. Half-past three. Let us see how much we can do in an hour, only don't stoop over too long at once. You need Warner's rule for gardeners—a cast-iron back with a hinge in it."

"'Twouldn't come in bad for farmin', too," said Abel, who had attacked the path, and was rapidly clearing away thistles and roots of grass, with an indiscriminate mingling of weeds and brambles.

Antoine and Paul followed his lead a little dubiously, but gained spirits as they carried the first armfuls of brambles to the spot selected, and realized that there would soon be the material for a famous bonfire. It is astonishing what a zest co-operation gives to work. The Pettis girls forgot their hands, and pulled away as zealously as the others. At intervals Miss Dunbar called a halt, and they all rested and chatted, going back to it eagerly, and rejoicing at every fresh discovery of beds of myrtle long hidden by weeds, and rose-bushes dwarfed and nearly killed by creepers. Time flew, and at half-past five Miss Dunbar stopped short.

"Two hours is enough for a beginning, girls," she said; "but now that you know what it is like, what do you say to taking Saturday mornings till everything is in order? We will make it a picnic next time, and have our lunch among the pines, as you do on Sunday. All who agree to it say 'Aye.'"

One voice went up. There was no doubt about the unanimity of feeling.

"I wish I could," Sybil said, "but I cannot come very often. I am so busy."

"I think it's splendid," Molly Cushing said heartily. "I mean your work—not this. We are all proud of you."

Sybil colored high. This had been her first voluntary mention of her work, and the first really encouraging

word that had come to her from any one but Miss Dunbar. Out there in the sweet air she seemed nearer all of them than she had ever dreamed she could be. Molly put out her hand, and Sybil took it a moment, wondering as she did so at a black look she caught from Abel, who had stopped work, and was watching the group suspiciously. Sybil had had a good many curious looks from him lately. Evidently he was offended at something, and remembering how kind he had been through all their trouble, Sybil fell behind, and walked with him till they came to the cross-road, and he went on with an awkward nod toward home. The Dunning boys followed in the rear, ready for the supper that had been promised them, and speculating as to how much of it could be conveyed to their pockets and so home. Miss Lovering looked from her window as they passed, and if she had not been busy in "getting tea," would have gone over instantly to the minister's to inquire the meaning of this unprecedented procession, watched from every window down the village street and commented on by man, woman and child, the general conclusion being that Miss Dunbar didn't know what to do with herself, and had taken this means of finding out.

The girls brushed their tumbled hair and cooled their hot faces, looking curiously about the pretty bedroom, very unlike the usual Lowgate standard. The supper was delicious, and even Linda was mollified as she saw how it disappeared. They lingered over it, talking again of Old Mortality, and gathered finally in the broad hall, watching the sunset and listening to Miss Dunbar, who had taken down the novel, and read now till twilight came.

Molly Cushing had disappeared a few moments before, and now opened the north parlor door.

"This is just an ending for our evening," said Miss Dunbar. "I have a little parlor stereopticon that has often been used, and some views of the very scenes we have been reading about. Molly Cushing understands it, so I have nothing to do but be showman."

George and Linda carried chairs across and took their places near the door when the rest were all in, making way rather unwillingly for the Dunning boys, who had come to look upon it all as something only less desirable than a circus, and who studied each picture as it fell upon the screen with critical eyes, deciding one or two comic ones with which the entertainment ended to be much more agreeable than landscapes, and making a rush at last for the cabin by the river, where an audience of Kanucks awaited their report of the mysterious day's doings.

"I wish there were forty graveyards to straighten out," said Ellen Pettis, with a long sigh of enjoyment. "I never had such a good time in Lowgate. We never have a good time except going to a party now and then in St. Alban's, and once in a great while when father can be coaxed into it, giving one. What a good place that north parlor would be to dance in!"

"We'll try it when Dorothy comes," said Miss Dunbar, laughing at the frightened look that came over Ellen's face after the words had escaped her. "Dorothy delights in dancing, and if you are not too tired when your work is over—"

"Tired!" said Ellen. "Was anybody ever too tired to dance?"

The two teachers looked grave. Dancing in Lowgate was left very much to the Kanucks, and it was startling to find that Miss Dunbar could countenance it. They were all in the bedroom now, getting their hats, and all turned as she said:

"Suppose we decide to-night, girls, before we separate, to form ourselves into a club. We do not need constitution or by-laws at present. All we want is an understanding that we will join together to get the very most that we can out of our every-day life. We can work together and play together, and I see many things that we may be able to do gradually. What do you think of it?"

There was a pause. Then Ellen Pettis said:

"It seems—I don't know—but it scares me a little. I'm afraid you'll want us to do something we can't do. If it weren't for that I'd jump at the chance."

"There is not the least danger of that," Miss Dunbar said as they clustered about her. "But I think it will make us feel stronger and more ready for whatever

comes up, and I am sure we shall be able to have a good time."

"What would we call it?" said Ellen doubtfully.

"We are not obliged to name it to-night, or at all, but I am inclined to think it will christen itself from the very sentence I quoted this afternoon as coming from so many—'I don't know what to do with myself.' What do you say to calling it 'The What-to-Do Club?' Think it over and we'll decide Saturday."

"We don't need to think. Nothing could be better," said Ellen decisively; and thus it came to pass before they parted that with no planning, and simply as the result of a need never before recognized, "The What-to-Do Club" found itself suddenly alive, with a future before it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT IS CLASSICAL MUSIC?

It was pointed out last week that the division of music into two groups, the classical and the romantic, was the natural consequence of progressive development, as traced in the history of the art. It is now my purpose to define these groups, for the distinction is very loose in the popular mind.

With many, classical music is all music of a higher order than the "Monastery Bells" or "Cascade of Roses" style of composition. Anything which is built upon a more substantial foundation than a pretty air, which is not first, middle and last melodious, is classical; and in the word as thus used there is a tinge of disapproval more or less marked. To these persons there is nothing in music besides "tune," as they call it. More than once I have heard all music divided into tunes and machine-made music—classical and machine-made being considered synonymous terms. It is scarcely necessary to say that this is not the correct definition of classical music. Melody is certainly an indispensable element in all music worthy the name, Wagner to the contrary notwithstanding, but it is not the whole of it, any more than outline-drawing is the whole of the art of painting. There is a great deal of very good music which cannot be played on the flute. We cannot group together all distinctively popular music, and say that everything else is classical. Among the many objections to this, including the rather important one that it is not true, is the fact that it makes those who are confessedly the most ignorant of the art judges of the character of work in that art. Moreover any alleged definition which unites as members of the same class such utterly dissimilar composers as this vulgar—using the word in its primary meaning—definition of classical music carries its condemnation on its face. It brands itself as a definition which does not define. It is its own *reductio ad absurdum*. Misery has had the reputation of making a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows, but I doubt if she can surpass this definition in that respect. It unites as composers of the same class Bach and Liszt, Handel and Berlioz, Haydn and Wagner. But the millennium has not yet come—the lion and the lamb refuse, for the present, to lie down together—nor is it in the province of esthetics to make them.

In literature a classic is a work which, enduring the

test of time, has lived until to-day—a work of the highest class of excellence. First the surviving literature of the Greeks and Romans, and then all work since done in letters upon which succeeding ages have set their seal of approval—work which is alive now and which will live—is classic. Time must elapse after the death of an author before his work can be called classic—that is, before immortality can be predicated of it. Some have thought that this use of the word classic in literature indicates the proper use of the word classical in music. Classical music, then, would be all music now generally admired written sufficiently long ago. This definition, giving a fixed and intelligible standard of criticism, is certainly more precise and scholarly than the former, and, if there were no better, it might be accepted. But there is a better definition—the correct one. Classical music is something different from old music as compared with new. The tune known in England as "Malbrook" (Marlborough), and in this country frequently used by youthful collegians in moments of exhilaration, when they wish to inform the general public just how they are accustomed to "drive dull care away," as the air for a song beginning, "And so we take our ease, sir," is old, and certainly has stood the test of time, being as fresh and popular to-day as at any time in the last fifty years. But it is not classical music. The music of Josquin de Pres and Orlando Lassus undoubtedly commands the admiration of competent critics, yet it is not classical. The word classical tells something of the character of the composition to which it is applied. To say that a piece of music is very old and has always been admired is different from calling it classical. The one statement is historical, the other critical. For the word classical is not a term of history, but of esthetics. If we are to look to literature for the key to the accurate use of the word, we must look for the use of "classical," not "classic." The history of the victory achieved by Hugo with "Hernani" will give us a clue to what we seek. His opponents were the worshippers at the shrine of Racine, believers in the unities. They were known as the classical party. He and his followers were called the romanticists. The battle was between the romantic and classical schools of dramatic art. The point at issue was the form of the drama. Whether the established form should be im-

PLICITLY followed, or freely modified according to the exigencies of the play or the caprice of the writer, was the question to be decided. Here, as always in art, the romantic prevailed over the classical, and the drama of Racine gave way to that of Hugo.

The opposite term to "classical" in the vocabulary of musical criticism is not "popular" nor "modern," but "romantic." A musician may be a classical composer, like Mozart, or distinctly romantic, like Berlioz, or he may write now a romantic symphony and now a classical quartette, like Rubenstein. The word classical, properly used, refers to the form of the composition, and to that alone. For every kind of musical composition there are certain rules of construction, which, though fixed and definite, are yet elastic, and allow infinite modification in subordinate matters. These musical laws of form are not, like the laws of the state, regulations prescribed by some supreme power, but rather, as the so-called laws of Nature are, simply the observed methods by which the natural forces act; they are the principles in accordance with which their art has compelled composers of commanding genius and formative power to write. To borrow a convenient architectural figure, they are the plans and elevations of an ideal composition, after which their environment has forced the great composers of the golden age of music to build their masterpieces. These rules, collected by observation and formulated, settle for all time the form of artistic beauty. As long as a writer follows them, as long as beauty is his sole object, he is classical. But if he finds these forms too narrow and confining, if the canons of his art impede him, and his ideas refuse to be expressed by an obedience to them, and he therefore invents his own forms and models his composition after them, the result is not classical, it is romantic.

We owe this distinction between the classical and romantic in art to Hegel. To these two divisions he added a third, the symbolic. He, however, made a fatal mistake in the practical application of his principle. He held that each art belongs wholly and of necessity to one of these three classes—architecture to the symbolic, sculpture to the classical, and music, painting and poetry to the romantic. The truth is that each art in its individual evolution passes through all three stages, beginning with the symbolic and ending with the romantic. The genesis and development of all are alike and along the same path.

Art at its birth is unconscious of its real power and true sphere. Its first stage is symbolic. It can appeal but weakly to the esthetic faculties. For art and the esthetic faculties spring alike from the desire for the beautiful, and are of equal growth. In symbolic art they are but rudimentary and undeveloped. The object of the art is suggestion, and it appeals to the mental faculties rather than to the esthetic. It is conventional. As the artistic sense increases in strength and demands a larger scope of action, the artistic form is with equal steps developed, until, the conventional becoming the beautiful, the next, the classic stage of art, is reached. Classic art appeals exclusively and directly to the esthetic faculties. In the development of symbolic art technical skill has been increased, and as a consequence artistic form has been perfected. This artistic form has no objective existence, but it is none the less the real life of art. For art has only a subjective life. It does not exist in the painted canvas or written symphony, but in the soul of the artist, his predecessors and contemporaries. The artist himself is only the *causa proxima* of the work of art, not the efficient cause, the *causa causans*. He is the specially gifted individual

who at the moment plucks and hands to us the beautiful flower from the tree of art, a tree the seed of which was planted ages ago, the roots of which lie buried under generations of men. Had he never lived, the flower would have blossomed then and there. Had he refused to give it to the world, some other would have been found to fill his place. The concrete work is one phase of the existence of this abstract artistic form. The work is unchangeable, dead. The form is living, developing, changing. It is with this form in its perfection that classic art has to do.

It seeks beauty solely, and for its own sake. It exists as art for the sake of form, and form is but the embodiment of beauty. It is pure, symmetrical, simple, and, if the word be admissible in esthetics, homogeneous. Perfectly free from self-consciousness, it contains no disturbing and distracting elements. It works exclusively for the artistic faculties and by those faculties, presenting nothing but forms of beauty. It has no sermon to preach, no story to tell, no intellectual concept to convey. It is therefore not religious nor irreligious. The whole moral nature is as completely beyond its province as are the motions of the satellites of Saturn. It neither strengthens, elevates or improves, being essentially and profoundly un-moral; conveying, suggesting and expressing nothing but beauty, it leaves the intellect untouched. It teaches no lesson—it lives for nothing beyond itself. Its one absorbing aim is that peculiar indefinable proportion of form which is to the esthetic faculties what moral fitness is to the ethical, which alone can satisfy them, which we call beauty.

But when the esthetic faculties can no longer engross the mind, and the other faculties demand their share of its attention, classical art fails to satisfy it, meeting as it does but one class of wants. Here begins the third and last stage of the artistic evolution—romantic art. Romantic art does not content itself with beauty—it seeks to answer the cravings of the whole psychical nature. It is not content with form; it will have significance as well. It tells its story; it enforces its moral; it is, in turn, suggestive and sentimental. It has lost the ingenuousness of classic art and has become intensely self-conscious. Conscious of unperformed promises, it seeks to justify its existence. It creates beauty and destroys it. It is unsymmetrical and without repose. Its aim being beyond the true province of art, it is full of unsatisfied longing, unsuccessful strivings, sudden and abrupt transitions, violent contrasts. The fact that its self-imposed task is beyond its powers makes the grace of classical art impossible for it. Its most prominent characteristic is unrest.

There is an alleged fourth stage in the evolution of art, sometimes spoken of as realistic; but when art becomes realism, it ceases, *ipso facto*, to be art. When the photographer's camera has become the true type of artistic means, when idealism is banished, art is dead. All that is left for the mourners to do is to decently compose the remains, celebrate a decorous memorial service over them, bury them out of sight, and seek a new mistress. Realism, where it is anything more than extreme romanticism, is art that has committed suicide. It is the night of art when the sun of beauty has ceased to shine.

These different stages of art, then—the symbolic, classic and romantic—are not sharply separated one from the other. The symbolic grows into the classical, the classical declines into the romantic. The change is slow and gradual, not sudden, and the true distinction between the two types must rest, not on instinct, but on the cultivated perceptions of an appreciative musical taste.

W. R. THOMPSON.

NEGRO EDUCATION.*

THERE is nothing peculiar in the subject I am to discuss at this time. The education of a negro is the education of a human being. In its essential characteristics, the human mind is the same in every race and in every age. When a negro child is taught that two and two are four, he learns just what a white child learns when he is taught the same proposition; the teacher uses the same faculties of mind in imparting the truth as to the sum of two and two. The two children use the same faculties in learning the truth; it means the same thing to them both. In farther teaching and learning the methods may vary, but the variations will depend less on differences of race than on peculiarities of the individual.

All this has nothing to do with the question: Which child learns most readily? or with another question: Which child can learn most? If I were called on to answer these questions, I would say, as to the first, the negro child of ordinary intelligence will apprehend that two and two are four as readily as a white child of ordinary intelligence. Except in the mind of a fool, there is no more in this statement to excite prejudice than if one should affirm that a negro boy ten years old weighs as much as a white child ten years old, or that he can jump as far.

As to the second question, I would answer, in perfect frankness, I do not know how much either can learn, and that, therefore, I do not know which can learn most. If urged to answer the question which race, as we find them to-day in this country, is capable of the higher mental training and culture, I would answer that this is a very different question. For the capabilities of a race are the results, not only of their original ethnic endowment, but of their ethnic history for many generations. As applied to these two races, the conditions of the problems of their education are not now equal, nor can they now be made equal; for the white race has fully two thousand years the start. The ethnic development of the Britons was higher before Julius Cæsar than was the ethnic development of the African tribes from which our negro fellow-citizens were taken some generations ago. Nothing should less need proving than the doctrine here set forth. Any stock-breeder can expound to you the force that is in the law of heredity. Ask the wise men who breed race-horses, Jersey cows, hunting-dogs, or even canary birds. They attach great importance to pedigree, and they can tell you why.

I do not, then, propose to discuss the relative capacity of the two races; my theme is a very different one. Besides, I am not prepared to discuss that question; I do not know any man who is prepared to discuss it. Neither race is sufficiently educated to furnish a gauge of its possibilities. As to the negro, nobody knows even approximately what he can do; his experiment is just begun. Until recently he had no chance; to-day he has a small chance; till the Gospel and common sense have conquered the prejudices of us of the white race, he will not have the best conditions for showing what he can do. Considering what small chance he has had, and the short time in which he has been allowed to learn, his achievements seem to me to be most remarkable. But on this point I know very well that, as is usual where feeling enters into judgments, those who know the least from personal investigations will make the most dogmatic assertions and the most vehement denials.

The proposition that I am here to advocate is this and this only: *The negro in the United States ought to be educated.*

The first reason I offer is in the fact of his humanity. He ought to be educated because he is a man. At this point

I say nothing to those who deny the essential unity of the human race; I speak to those who do believe in that essential unity. For one, I believe in the essential unity of the race, and I believe in the brotherhood of the race. I believe, therefore, in all brotherly help and service wherever and however I find any human being. For the very same reasons that I believe in sending the Gospel, and the Christian civilization that goes with it, to China, I believe in giving Christian education to the negroes in America. And lest, by some possibility, there should be some misapprehension as to the truth I hold, let me say: I believe in giving the opportunities of Christian education to the negroes for the same reason that I believe in giving the opportunities of Christian education to white people—that is, because they are alike human beings, and by natural, God-given right should have the best opportunity God's providence allows them for becoming all that they are capable of becoming.

There should be schools enough to give to every child the rudiments of learning; if you please, the "three R's." And these should be good enough to teach the rudiments thoroughly. Such schools there must be if the children of the Republic are to be educated; if they are to be efficient, if they are to reach the case they must be backed by the government. To accomplish their end, wisely, justly, efficiently, there must be a fair and equitable distribution of the school funds, without distinction of race. I rejoice that every state in this Union—with perhaps one exception—does now, in principle at least, use its school fund without distinction of race, so that in the opportunities of elementary education there may be justice to both races.

What comes after this universal elementary education? The answer is simple, and to me obvious; whatever individual capacity, aided by the benevolence of good men and the wise enterprise of the churches, makes possible. Give them all, black and white, the keys of knowledge, and then let them unlock as many doors as they can. I pity the coward who is afraid to give a human being this chance. Little danger is there that any race will rise too high, that any individual of any race will learn too much truth. There is no danger more remote than the danger of over-education; there is no danger more imminent than the danger of under-education and false education. And there is no part of the civilized world that at this time has greater need to concern itself with the social and political and moral perils that lurk in widespread ignorance than our own well-beloved and fair sunny South of the year 1883.

With not a few persons of good business faculty and shrewd wordly wisdom it often happens that an argument on the lower plane of policy goes much farther than an argument on the higher plane of truth and right. They are prone to forget that there is no wise policy that is against right, and that while God reigns there cannot be.

I will offer the argument on the lower plane. The negro is here, and here to stay. He is a citizen armed with that thunderbolt of political power, the ballot. That it was given to him unwisely, because untimely, and without conditions that would develop in him a wise conscience as to the use of it; that as a rule he is unfit to be a voter—all this I understand fairly well. But this is not the subject to discuss at this time. He is a citizen, he is a voter. In some states he is in the majority; in every Southern State he is a tremendous power—a power, whether he uses it or designing white men use it. His citizenship is a fact, and his presence here is a fact. There are now at least seven millions of negroes in this country; nearly all of them are in the Southern States. They increase rapidly and steadily—faster than the white race.

What do the census tables show? Thoughtful men will consider the answer to this question. The increase in the

*An address delivered at Monteagle, Tenn., by the Rev. Atticus G. Haygood, President of Emory College, and agent of the Slater fund.

total population of the United States from 1870 to 1880 was 30.06 per cent; the increase of the white race, aided enormously by foreign immigration, was 28.83 per cent: the increase of the negro population, unaided by foreign immigration, was 34.78 per cent. Some writers of name and position have endeavored to break the force of these figures by calling in question the accuracy of the census tables and by seeking, in the comparison of longer periods, as from 1840 to 1860, and from 1860 to 1880, to prove a smaller percentage of increase. One good man has offered his personal observation against the conclusions of the census of 1880.

If they want the best test for comparison let them try ten decades instead of two sets of two. One hundred years ago there were in this country about seven hundred thousand negroes; now, there are seven millions. That is, they have multiplied ten times in a century. How many will there be in 1993?

A man who does not know that voters ought to be able to read and write does not know enough to be argued with. The illiterate vote of our Southern States is simply appalling, and the illiterate vote is increasing. From 1870 to 1880 there was an increase of illiterate votes in the Southern States of nearly two hundred thousand. Figures may not be interesting to a mixed audience, but they are sometimes very instructive. I will give you a few on the illiterate vote of our section of the Union.

In Georgia the illiterate white vote in 1870 was 21,899; in 1880, 28,571; the negro illiterate vote was in 1870, 100,551; in 1880, 116,516. In Kentucky the white illiterate vote in 1870 was 43,826; in 1880, 54,956; the negro illiterate vote in 1870 was 37,899; in 1880, 43,177. In Tennessee the white illiterate vote was in 1870, 37,713; in 1880, 46,948; the negro illiterate vote was in 1870, 55,938; in 1880, 58,601. In Texas the white illiterate vote was in 1870, 17,505; in 1880, 33,085; the negro illiterate vote in 1870 was 47,255; in 1880, 59,606. It has increased in every one of these states.

Let those philosophers who think that "education spoils the poor for laborers" take heart. The uneducated adults among the whites and blacks in the South increase in numbers. If ignorance makes better laborers there has been great advance in our industrial resources since 1870. There were among us nearly two hundred thousand more grown men who could neither read nor write in 1880 than in 1870. Alas, there are more illiterate women than illiterate men! Doubtless 1883 would show still farther progress—downward.

Surely it cannot be necessary before this assembly to point out the perils to our institutions involved in this large and increasing illiterate vote.

How are the votes of ignorant men determined? 1. In small part by the counsels of the wise and good citizen. I say in small part, for the bad and designing demagogue has more power over the ignorant vote than has the good and unselfish patriot. 2. The votes of the ignorant are largely determined by prejudice. Out of prejudice proceed conflicts and all manner of social and political wrongs. 3. The votes of the ignorant are largely influenced by bribes, offered in one form or another. And this means power and corruption without end and bottomless. The worst thing about this huge illiterate vote is not the incapacity of the voters to use their ballots wisely; the worst thing about it is this: ignorance fits them exactly to become the tools of corrupt men of superior intelligence. With an illiterate vote large enough to hold the balance of power elections are, for the most part, dictated by demagogues and manipulated by villains. It is left to intelligent, industrious and honest citizens to settle the costs of corrupt government.

I am not unacquainted with the answer to all this as a plea for the education of the negro. "Book-learning," we are gravely informed, "is not sufficient; the negro needs education in morals." This is true, and true as to the

negro because true as to all other men. But will sensible men seriously urge the negro's education in morals as an objection to his education in books? Is book-knowledge, then, in itself unfavorable to good morals? Is ignorance the master of devotion and the nurse of religion? then recall the fierce Arabs who put torch to the library of Alexandria and bid them burn down your colleges and school-houses; bid them destroy your books and stop your busy press power. Then stop all education—stop all thinking—vegetate and die. It is unmitigated nonsense—this miserable pretense of reasoning that since the negro does need betterment in his morals the school-house is not good for him.

A most significant fact may be mentioned at this point: The only white people in this country who are expending either much service or much money in the effort to improve the negro's morals are also the people who are expending more money and service in the endeavor to teach him the knowledge of books. It is also true that those who have the most to say about the negro's need of education in morals, as a reason for not educating him in books, are precisely the people who are not doing anything of consequence to educate him in anything. To a plain man there seems to be a degree of sham and cant in their talk.

The objections to the negro's education that control men's opinions have their origin in four roots, closely united:

1. In ignorance. There are not a few who are, at bottom, opposed to all education.

2. In stinginess. Multiplied thousands deny their own children education because it costs money. Money is their god. There are some white men in this country who, by some sad mischance, are both fathers of families and the owners of good properties, but they are too mean and too near barbarism to educate their children. They are traitors to their sacred trust of fatherhood and a disgrace to the human race. And as to public schools, in which the children of the poor may be taught the rudiments of education, objection with most people would close—if it cost them nothing. I have yet to meet one man who opposed the schools somebody else's money paid for—unless from a sentiment worse than avarice.

3. In prejudice—prejudice against the negro because he is a negro. Avarice is a mean spirit, but this sort of prejudice is meaner. It is cowardly and ignoble; it is, root and branch, utterly unchristian. If any think that my language is too strong, let them test their prejudices. Take them to Jesus Christ and ask Him to approve them. Test them in the light of the Sermon on the Mount and of the Judgment day. How mean they look in that light!

4. In apprehensions that appeal to two classes of fear: (1) The apprehension that the education of the negro will spoil him as a laborer. I know what I am talking about when I say that this fear is at the bottom of much of the current opposition to the education of the negro. I go among the people and keep my eyes and ears open.

If the argument that supports this apprehension be worth anything it proves too much, for it is just as good as an argument against the education of the poor whites. Education will as certainly spoil them for laborers. The spirit that is capable of such an objection to the education of the poor of any race is selfish, cowardly and essentially mean. It is worthy only of the Dark Ages. It is at bottom a plea for the tyranny of "bossism." Put into form it says this: "I am, by virtue of money, or shrewdness or learning, a sort of 'boss' among my fellow-men; I must keep them in ignorance that I may keep them down and be better able to play the 'boss.'"

But there is nothing in the argument; it is false all through. For no man is better for anything in the world to be done because he is ignorant. A trained dog is better than a wild dog. Ignorance is not a qualification for anything that God intended man to do. It is first, last and all

the time disqualification rather. Every principle of right and justice denies it; any law of political economy condemns it; the history of the human race repudiates it.

Intelligence spoils no man for anything that a man ought to do in this world. And were it otherwise, what right, before God, has one human being to keep another human being in ignorance in order to keep him in slavery? These questions go to the bottom, and we must go to the bottom in settling questions of rights and wrongs.

(2) With many there is opposition to the education of the negro from a vague fear of something that is called "social equality." Just now the poor negro is in a place where "two seas meet." There are two classes of extremists. One is in mortal terror lest the negro should become somebody; the other is morbidly anxious that he should assert claims to what he is in no wise fitted for. If between the two he does not lose his balance, he will deserve the respect of both. There never was in this world, in any nation or community, such a thing as social equality, and there never will be. The social spheres arrange themselves to suit themselves, and no laws promulgated by State or Church will change the social affinities and natural selections of men. Men choose the circles for which they have affinity, seek the companionships they prefer, and find the places that are suited to them.

After all, it would be well to remember that the great and good and wise God reigns among men, that He will reign when we are all gone from this world, and that He has more concern about the welfare of men than they can have about themselves, and that He who has ruled in the history of the nations since the beginning of the world has purposes of His own, which, in His own good time, He will work out in blessings to the whole race of man.

Conscience is wiser than reason. When we cannot know what in the world's sense is politic, we can always know what in God's sense of things is right. Everywhere and forever the right thing is the politic thing.

But the question is no longer a question as to what we prefer; it is now a question as to what can be done. These millions are here among us; they are citizens; they are voters—taking part in the government of this whole nation. When a man of sense can't have his own way, he will seek the next best thing he can get. It may well be that we would not choose that the conditions of our very difficult problem should be what they are. But they are what they are. Only fools have contempt for facts. It is now, in the providence of God, left to us to choose our own problem; it is ours to accept facts, and to do the very best we can. Nor is it any longer a question whether the negro will be educated. That work was begun before Appomattox; it has been going on ever since; it is now being pushed with more vigor than ever before. Of this we may be sure: The negro will, sooner or later, be educated. The State Governments recognize him in the public school administration; Northern liberality has spent more than twenty millions of dollars in the South since the surrender of the Confederate cause for the education of the negro. With our approval or without it, this work will go on, and it ought to go on. I thank God for those who have carried it on thus far; for the liberal men and women who have given great sums of money, and for the devoted men and women who have given their personal service. That some cranks and marplots have appeared among them in the course of twenty years is no more an argument against the great work itself than is the discovery of an occasional hypocrite and scoundrel in the pulpit an argument against Christianity.

In all truth and common sense, there is no room for discountenancing a white man or woman simply for teaching negroes. It is utterly absurd. I believe it to be also sinful. Let us consider our attitude on this subject for a moment. We have the negroes to cook for us, and if they do not know how, as is often the case, our wives and daughters teach them. We employ them in all

sorts of ways. When elections come on we ask not only their votes, but their "social influence." Candidates, from governor to coroner, do this earnestly, invariably, and without social discredit. We sell goods to them, we buy from them, we practice law for them, we practice medicine for them, and it is all well enough. In all business relations, except teaching, so far as I can remember our ways on this subject, whether as employers or employes, we think it all very nice, and so do our wise neighbors. How utterly and childishly absurd it is to "make an exception" if one teaches a negro child how to spell, to read and to write. Will some master in such fine knowledge explain just wherein it is seemly to sell goods to a negro, or to buy from him, or to practice law for him, or to give him medicine, or even to preach to him sometimes, but a thing abhorrent to teach him whatever he can learn that we can teach him? Of what shams we are guilty! Think of people going into raptures over David Livingstone, explorer of Africa and pioneer of Christian civilization, and then turning up their noses at a teacher, not because he is ignorant or ill-bred or bad, but because, forsooth, he teaches a negro school!

A word more I add on this point. If the best results are to be achieved, both for the white and the black races, in the education of the negro, then Southern white people must take part in the work of his education.

If the churches of the South take no part in the Christian education of the millions of negroes in our midst, what will be the verdict of history upon their course? A far more important question is this: What will be the verdict of the Head of the Church, of the Lord God Almighty, the Father of us all? And what will be the result in the life of these churches if God should see that by taking no part in the work angels would be glad to do they have made themselves unworthy to be trusted with that work? Can the churches of the South consider any questions that more deeply affect the very roots of their life?

It is one of the sad things connected with the difficult problem of the two races living together in this country that not a few good people of both races have despaired of its solution. The author of the Declaration of Independence wrote, it is said, in 1782 this prediction: "Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government."

It does not surprise me that Mr. Jefferson made both these predictions. As to the first, there was at that time in Virginia and other Southern States a strong party that favored the emancipation of the slaves. As to the second, he had studied French philosophy more than he had studied Christianity. If this country had been pagan Rome or infidel France, the first prediction would have failed—the slaves never would have been set free by the will of man. Had they been set free, the second prediction would have been fulfilled, for in a pagan or infidel country the two races could not be "equally free and live in the same government." They would not have been set free had this not been a Christian country; as it is a Christian country, the two races, "equally free" before the law, can "live in the same government," and the problem of their free citizenship can be solved.

As to this whole subject, full of difficulties as those best know who have personal relations to it, there is just one platform on which Christian people can stand. Our problem with those millions of negroes in our midst can be properly solved, not by force of any sort from without the states where they live; no more can it be solved by repression within those states. *It can be worked out only on the basis of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount.* On this platform we can solve any problem whatever, whether personal, social, industrial, political, natural or ethnical that Providence brings before us. On any lower platform we shall fail and always fail.

MIGMA.

A Weak Objection.

THE *Buffalo Express* calls the attention of the editor of *THE CONTINENT* to the fact that the *Louisville Journal* resents, with indignant scorn, the idea of national aid to education, and on behalf of the South protests against any pauper aid to the state system of public schools. Our *Buffalo* contemporary regards this as an argument against national aid to education in the South. The argument is in the highest degree fallacious. No one advocates national action in regard to education because the South wants it. It is not a measure of charity or conciliation. It is not like the Mississippi improvement scheme, a sop thrown to the spirit that howls for "the old flag and an appropriation." It is simply as an act of justice and a measure of safety that any one asks its consideration. If the country can afford to have one-half the voters in one-third of the states of the Union grow up and vote in ignorance, and have that illiterate mass constantly increase as it has in the past, that settles the question. The ignorant vote of the South, plus one-fifth of its intelligent vote, can elect seventy-four per cent of a President. Can the North afford to have this done, and have the proportion constantly increase at the rate of the last ten years? The nation must destroy this aggregated ignorance or run the risk of being destroyed by it. The *Courier-Journal* has no authority to speak for the South. It especially and peculiarly does not represent the classes most in need of education. Even if it did its opposition to national aid would be no more an argument against that policy than would the crying of a baby be sufficient reason for refusing to give it medicine when sick. The boastfulness in regard to Kentucky's capacity comes with bad grace from a state that has more illiterate white than colored voters, and in which the proportion of white illiterates has increased more in the past ten years than in any other. It is a good thing for a Kentuckian to brag on this line, but thus far the record of the state offers a very frail support for his boastfulness. The present tax is utterly insufficient, and would be if it were increased four-fold. It has taken eighteen years to get this and get it fairly distributed. How long would it take to get enough to keep even with illiteracy, to say nothing of making head against it? No doubt the state could do more—it must do more—but nothing would stimulate its willingness so much as a good round appropriation from the national treasury, so carefully guarded that the only way to get it would be by establishing schools and keeping them in operation in every district of the state.

A Voice from the South.

WE make our first exception to the rule of publishing in *THE CONTINENT* only matter that is written for it, in order to present to our readers the address of Dr. Atticus G. Haygood, of Emory College, Georgia, delivered before an Educational Assembly at Montevalle, Tenn., on the subject of "The Education of the Negro." In very many respects this is a most remarkable and significant address. It is the warning of a Southern man to Southern men, full of undeniable facts and the strongest common sense. Whether it is most remarkable that such a man should hold such sentiments, that he should find hearers and followers among the best

men of the South, or that any one should be found, after eighteen years of universal freedom and fifteen years' experience of universal suffrage, who required argument to convince him that the only safety for the South lies in the enlightenment of its ignorant classes, it would be hard to say. At any rate, it is an utterance that every sensible man of the North will be glad to hear, whether it comes late or early. During the past eighteen years the good sense, charity and free-will of the North have sent to the South twenty millions of dollars for the education of her illiterates. The states themselves have done more than ever before—more than could reasonably have been expected—and yet illiteracy has kept ahead of the schools, and the number of the ignorant has increased. Children are born faster than they are taught to read and write. The fact that there are men like Dr. Haygood who are willing to face the truth, is, of itself, an earnest of a better day. The fact that he feels compelled to apologize for such views, and advance them somewhat cautiously, shows that the better day is yet a good many days off, and the whole thing in its facts and settings constitutes an irresistible appeal to the good sense and sound policy of statesmen and people for national action in the promotion of education where ignorance abounds in so great a proportion as to make it dangerous to the entire land. We commend Dr. Haygood's lecture most heartily to our readers, of all shades of political thought and prejudice.

IT is hardly a year ago that a goodly number of the wisest and best of our contemporaries went for *THE CONTINENT* worse than Sullivan did for the unfortunate Maori, because it declared from the outset that the Edmunds bill against polygamists was foreordained to disgraceful failure. Now these very journals are publishing such paragraphs as the following:

"Of course the 'election' in Utah was a jug-handled affair. The Gentiles refrained from voting, and the Mormon ticket was elected in every district in the Territory with possibly a single exception. It will take a more radical measure than the Edmunds law to root out the iniquitous practices which have so long disgraced the country. Polygamy will continue to curse the Territory until it is regarded as a crime by the law and treated as such."

The trouble with all our legislation against polygamy is that it is shrewdly designed for a state of affairs that does not exist. A man with half a grain of common sense, who had studied Mormonism for two hours, ought to have known that you might as well try to kill an hippopotamus with bird-shot as to impair the prosperity of the saints with such a squib as the Edmunds law.

BICYCLISTS are becoming such a power in the land, through the capital invested in the manufacture of the machines, through the clergy and journalists and lawyers and citizens generally who use them, that it is time all this energy to brain and muscle were given an object aside from the very praiseworthy one of pastime and exercise. In no one particular, perhaps, is our great and glorious republic inferior to the effete despotisms of Europe save in the matter of public roads. Go a few miles outside the limits of any city and you find

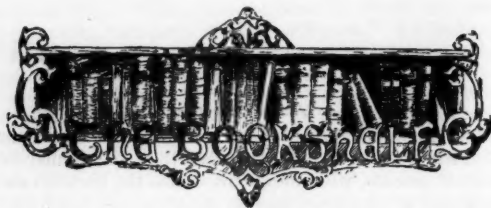
yourself on the ordinary country road, namely, a strip of local territory fenced off from the adjacent fields, and more or less rounded up into a road-like shape. Of course, this state of things is largely unavoidable, owing to the vast extent of the country and its newness, but the bicycle has developed a class of travelers who have brains and energy, and capital to back them, and to whom good roads are essential for the enjoyment of their chosen recreation. If towns would annually build, say one mile of good macadamized road for each two thousand inhabitants, beginning at some central point, ten years would make an enormous change in the facilities of travel, and the cost would be more than saved in the decreased wear and tear of vehicles and horseflesh. Here, then, is the bicyclist's opportunity. Should the tariff or the civil service fail to serve as nuclei for the new political party, let the bicyclists combine on a basis of reforming the roads, and success will await them. States have been made and unmade for less worthy motives.

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JUDGE BLACK's name has been for a generation so conspicuously before the public, for evil and for good report, that his death, and the correspondence with Jefferson Davis, which immediately preceded that event, called out an unusual amount of comment. He was one of the prominent figures of that gloomy time which terminated the last Democratic administration—Buchanan's—and prefaced the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln. That Judge Black was for many years unjustly charged with a lack of patriotism now appears to be generally admitted, even by his enemies, and recent developments go to prove that his influence as Attorney-General, and subsequently as Secretary of State under Buchanan, was thrown very emphatically into the scale against secession. It is strange that the man who steadfastly opposed Andrew Johnson's amnesty proclamation, and urged "justice rather than mercy" in dealing with unreconstructed rebels, should have suffered so much denunciation at the hands of Northerners. As a practising lawyer Judge Black stood in the very front rank of his profession, and probably argued as many cases before the Supreme Court as any other lawyer of his time.

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ANOTHER prominent man, whose name has been familiar as a contributor to readers of *THE CONTINENT*, died during the week, namely, the Rev. William M. Baker, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, of South Boston, Mass., and author of several books which have enjoyed more than the average degree of popularity. He was born in Washington, graduated at Princeton, and lived as a Presbyterian minister in Texas for many years before and during the war. Such was his loyalty to the Union, however, that he maintained unbroken ecclesiastical relations with the Northern branch of the Presbyterian Church, and after the cessation of hostilities was invited to the charge of churches successively at Zanesville, Ohio, and at Newburyport and South Boston, Mass. These positions he filled faithfully and well, and always retaining, in some degree, the characteristics of his Southern speech and manner, he presented an unique instance among his New England brethren. The books by which he is best known are "Inside: a Chronicle of Secession," "The New Timothy" and "His Majesty, Myself." The new novel which he has been writing, although interrupted at times by his illness, is so far completed that it can shortly be given to the public.



FOR ten years and more, Mr. Galton has given nothing more formal to the public than essays from time to time in one review or another. But any word from the author of "Hereditary Genius" is of value, and though the reader who takes up this latest book, "Inquiries into Human Faculty and its Development," will be disappointed to find that it is simply a collection of his essays and not a new contribution to his special field, it is still of the utmost value, no other equally able observer having gone over the same ground, even in degree.

The "patience of genius" is one of the most distinctive marks of the modern school of thinkers. Lubbock has shown us what pertinacious purpose can accomplish, in the midst of a busy and engrossing life, when directed upon "Ants, Bees and Wasps," but no one but Mr. Galton has watched, seriously and carefully, until able to estimate accurately the number of brush-strokes necessary before a portrait can be produced. Equally unexpected is his numerical calculation of the number and character of the associations we all have with various abstract words. His composite portraiture, however, is more singular and more suggestive than any other portion of the book, and the first page holds certain "pictorial averages" that fairly startle the observer, who may have thought that "types" after all were of small importance, and deductions based on such observations hardly worth considering. These portraits are obtained by exposing a series of photographs successively on the same sensitive plate, and where fifty-six have been made into one the result is as clear and definite as in the case of six. The father whose son showed the features and expression to be found in the twelve officers and eleven privates of the Royal Engineers, rolled into one, might congratulate himself that here at least was a child who would require no pushing. So ingenious is this process that it deserves a brief explanation. The several photographs (ten, for instance) being ready, a sensitized plate, requiring say five minutes of exposure, is prepared. Each of the photographs is exposed to the plate for thirty seconds. Obviously the result of the ten exposures must emphasize the traits common to all the ten, while it ignores in a greater or less degree the traits which vary. Of this work in particular, though the statement applies to the entire volume, the author writes: "My general object has been to take note of the varied hereditary faculties of different men, and of the great differences in different families and races, to learn how far history may have shown the practicability of supplanting inefficient human stock by better strains, and to consider whether it might not be our duty to do so, by such efforts as may be reasonable, thus exerting ourselves to further the ends of evolution more rapidly and with less distress than if events were left to their own course."

Certainly no one who takes in the full meaning of the various types, that of "Tubercular Disease" for instance, or as where such type presented itself in a

(1) INQUIRIES INTO HUMAN FACULTY, AND ITS DEVELOPMENT. BY Francis Galton, F.R.S. Macmillan & Co. 1883. Pp. 380.

family of children, can fail to be somewhat more on his guard in a question of marriage.

Mr. Galton has made special and equally minute experiments on the various senses. The sensitiveness of different individuals to the pitch of shrill sounds, or the difference in weights, as well as the associations of sound and color, all find record, and statistical record too, Mr. Galton's use of statistics being like that of his great kinsman Charles Darwin, both men collecting their facts from all quarters of the globe.

Another memoir, devoted to the investigation of birth or education in their respective influence in determining character, is full of very charming scientific gossip, that about twins holding various stories of extraordinary likenesses. Mr. Galton tells of one boy who sometimes spoke to himself in a looking-glass, thinking that he was talking to his brother. A little girl, whose mother and aunt were twins, often called her aunt "mother," and her mother "auntie," so much alike were those ladies. In another case a father, who was a twin, said of himself and his brother: "We were extremely alike, and are so at this moment. Our children do not always know us apart." A British officer writes: "On one occasion, when I returned from foreign service, my father turned to me and said, 'I thought you were in London,' thinking I was my brother; yet he had not seen me for nearly four years." But the following anecdote is still more interesting. It was sent to Professor Galton by a young Englishman, who says: "I was coming home from India, on leave of absence. The ship did not arrive for some days after it was due. My twin brother, B., had come up to receive me, and our aged mother was very nervous. One morning, after she had undergone several disappointments because of the ship's delay, I rushed into her room, saying, 'Oh, mother! how are you?' Her answer was, 'No, B.; it's a bad joke; you know how anxious I am for A.' It was some time before I could convince my mother that I was her son, A., who had been away so long, and not my twin brother, B., playing a joke on her."

Mr. Galton touches one point of deepest interest to all students of social questions in his memoir on "Eugenics," which may be defined as "the science or art of man-breeding."

The popular prejudice against marrying a cousin, or one with the taint of hereditary insanity in the blood, needs extension to other sources of harm. Mr. Galton would educate and develop public opinion to its highest point, and would encourage the early marriage of all from whom the finest type of offspring would come. He insists that "man should regard himself more as a freeman, with power of shaping the course of future humanity." It is his business to further the cause of evolution; and were this done, a new aristocracy would arise, governed by certain rules that hold in the present form. "Aristocracies seldom make alliances out of their order except to gain wealth. Is it less to be expected that those who become aware that they are endowed with the power of transmitting valuable hereditary gifts should abstain from squandering their future children's patrimony, by marrying persons of lower natural stamp? The social consideration that would attach itself to high races would, it may be hoped, partly neutralize a social cause that is now very adverse to the early marriages of the most gifted, namely, the cost of living in cultured and refined society. A young man with a career before him commonly feels that it would be an act of folly to hamper himself by too early a marriage. The doors of society that are freely open to a

bachelor are closed to a married couple with small means, unless they bear patent recommendations such as the public recognition of a natural nobility would give. The attitude of mind that I should expect to predominate among those who had undeniable claims to rank as members of an exceptionally gifted race, would be akin to that of the modern possessors of ancestral property or hereditary rank. Such persons feel it a point of honor not to alienate the old place, or make misalliances, and they are respected for their honest family pride. So a man of good race would shrink from spoiling it by a lower marriage, and every one would sympathize with his sentiments."

As a summary of all his inquiries comes the paragraph with which he ends, and even when disagreeing most from certain points in his arguments, the reader must infallibly be convinced that as a whole the book represents some of the profoundest research of modern times.

"The chief result of these inquiries has been to elicit the religious significance of the doctrine of evolution. It suggests an alteration in our mental attitude and imposes a new moral duty. The new mental attitude is one of greater sense of moral freedom, responsibility and opportunity; the new duty . . . is to endeavor to further evolution, especially that of the human race."

MR. HENRY JAMES' essay on Alphonse Daudet, in the *August Century*, is handled without gloves by a writer in a recent number of *The Critic*.

HENRY HOLT & Co., who usually eschew American novels altogether, have admitted two to their list, one certainly anonymous and the other probably so. Both will appear early in the autumn.

THE dialect stories of Mrs. Katherine McDowell, better known as Sherwood Bonner, have made her many friends, and her death, at an age when riper work was confidently looked for, is a genuine loss to American literature.

THE third volume of the invaluable "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," by Sir George Grove, is completed with the issue of Parts XVII and XVIII by Macmillan & Co. The Dictionary has now reached the letter S, and ends with the fourth volume.

A "HISTORY OF SCULPTURE," by Miss Lucy M. Mitchell, will be published in a few weeks by Dodd, Mead & Co. They have also in preparation "Travels in the Soudan Country," by F. L. James, the book being the story of three journeys to the Soudan, and containing forty original full-page engravings on wood.

THE latest suggestion as to the best location for the prime meridian of the whole world comes from a French geographer, M. Romanet du Caillaud, who has written a letter to the president of the Paris Geographical Society urging that the meridian of Bethlehem should be chosen, "thus avoiding all embarrassments arising from national vanity, 'recognizing the grandest figure of humanity,' and harmonizing geography and chronology by giving to both the same initial point."

THERE seems to be no reason for another book on "The Reading of Books: Its Pleasures, Profits and Perils," under which title Mr. Charles F. Thwing gives various chapters on the topics suggested therein. The subject has been treated so thoroughly and, in Mr. Van Dyke's recent book, so delightfully, that the commonplace putting of familiar ideas is, on the whole, rather depressing, though the attractively made up book will undoubtedly find an audience among the many who prefer the commonplace. (12mo, pp. 170, \$1.00; Lee & Shepard).

TWELVE hours a day for twelve years ought to give

some very substantial results, and the public are soon to know what this indefatigable worker, Mr. Gerald Massey, has accomplished, his book bearing the title of "The Natural Genesis." The author now plans a second lecturing tour in the United States. "During his previous visit to this country Mr. Massey delivered fifty lectures, and was obliged to leave thirty offers of engagements unaccepted. He takes some credit to himself for being almost the only living English writer who has spent nine months in this country and then omitted to write a book about it."

THE REV. EDWARD EGGLESTON is building at Dunham's Bay, Lake George, an art studio and library, the one for his artist daughter, the other for his own pursuits. His building material is found in the stones of which the vicinity furnishes ample supply, an exchange describing them as of all sizes, shades and shapes; though the natural cleavage leaves their faces even, the outside of the building has the appearance of a rough mosaic. At the northeast corner the excavations for a foundation uncovered an Indian mound containing several stone implements of curious pattern and the crumbling bones of their ancient owner.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE won golden opinions in his appearance as lecturer at the Concord School of Philosophy, his subject being "Novels." The *Springfield Republican* writes: "This was the second time only that Mr. Hawthorne has lectured, and his success was such that he ought seriously to be considered as a new and available lecturer. His manner is very modest, without the painful shyness which his father had, and in appearance he now much resembles the elder Hawthorne, though hardly so large or so handsome. His voice is deep and pleasing, and by practice would become very agreeable to an audience; while few of the literary essayists who lecture have so keen and finished a style as this lecture displayed. It is to be published in autumn in the *Princeton Review*, whence newspapers will be apt to cut out for republication its pithy and suggestive sentences."

ENGLAND has lost a quiet but invaluable friend of science and letters in Mr. James Crossley of Manchester, of whom the Manchester *Guardian* writes: "In almost every English town where the taste for books is cultivated, the name of the venerable president of the Chetham Society is known and honored. Among Lancashire men of letters that name has been for more than a generation a household word. Himself a diligent student and a polished writer, James Crossley has occupied in the world of letters for more than half a century a place peculiarly his own. He has been the friend of many of our most illustrious authors. The most learned scholars have sought his assistance and felt themselves honored with his acquaintance. In his knowledge of books he was probably without a rival. In addition to the society of which he has so long been the chief ornament, he took an interest in the work of almost every literary association in the country."

THE *London Echo* makes a plaintive appeal in behalf of Mr. Tupper, this prince of platitudes being now seventy-four years of age, and less prosperous than his friends could wish. A movement is under way in England to make him some pecuniary testimonial of esteem, and the *Echo* writes that one of the most curious features in the statements made is "that, although 'Proverbial Philosophy' has had a world-wide circulation, its author has not reaped that pecuniary advantage from its sale to which in fairness he ought to be entitled, and that this has been the case especially in America, where one and a-half million copies have been sold without the author's obtaining the slightest financial benefit. We hope this appeal will touch the Americans. If they were to discharge the moral debts

they owe to English literary men, they would have to send across the Atlantic at least thrice the amount of the Alabama claims."

THE "No Name Series" has held few more charming novels than its latest issue, "Princess Amélie: a Fragment of Autobiography." It is a story of Alsatian life in the latter part of the eighteenth century, told by one whose life has known every chance and change of that strange period. It seems historically correct in every point, and the local coloring is exceptionally vivid, details being given with a minuteness that increases the sense of reality. It is a love story, or becomes so in the end, the Princess, who has been forced to marry in the beginning, when but seventeen, a boy of eleven, and whose life till the groom has come to years of discretion, is hidden away in an old German Schloss, is a rare and lovely nature, and the reader rejoices when the little, very justifiable deception toward the end is cleared up, and "Phillippe," whom the Princess has loved and renounced, proves to be the husband who has wooed her unknown. No sweeter or more natural story has appeared since "Little Sister," one of the most charming of the series, and it deserves and should meet the largest success. (16mo, pp. 322, \$1.00; Roberts Brothers, Boston).

THE many attacks on General Cesnola have rather weakened the faith of some as to the value of the collection which bears his name, but such may be reassured by the knowledge that the English regret bitterly that they ever allowed it to pass into our hands. James R. Osgood & Co. will soon publish General Cesnola's three-volumed work on the collection, which will be illustrated with elaborate plates. The *Saturday Review* says: "Lord Beaconsfield's Government, before annexing Cyprus, let the Cypriote collection of General Cesnola to be sold to America for a song. The Americans are now depreciating the value of their purchase. We wish they would sell it back at cost price. It is a matter of taste; but one single gem, an emerald engraved with the story of Boreas and Orithyia, seemed to us as desirable as even the Ashburnham manuscript decorated by the pencil of Perugino and his great contemporaries. However, it is idle to make these comparisons with accuracy, because the country has lost the treasures which it would have been a pleasure to compare—the finest works of the generation before Phidias and of the generation before Raffaele. They are most probably going into the possession of people who do not yet seem quite capable of understanding the measure of their own good fortune."

THE JOHN LOVELL CO., New York, has in press a volume entitled "Beyond the Sunrise: Observations by Two Travelers," which is a clever work by two anonymous writers. The subjects treated in it are psychology and clairvoyance, as apart from and distinct from Spiritualism, and the authors have evidently had an extended experience with the subjects treated. It has become the fashion for agnostics and others who entirely discredit the spiritualistic philosophy to affect the study of Theosophy, and the writers of this work are evidently posted in regard to this tendency. In an elementary way they outline the philosophy of American occultism, and give in its pages some remarkable revelations. In the form of sketches, they relate phenomena not possible of attainment through the avenue offered by those who believe in Spiritualism. The book will certainly be read with interest. It is said to be the work of two society women, who, tired of the petty duties and pleasures that occupied their time, determined to select some better and wiser way of living. The plan was to select a few choice spirits, and discuss the earnest side of life, apart from material occupations and employments. The result was so highly gratifying that a book has been made which will take cheer and inspiration to many a home circle.



WRITING has been practiced in India, says Brooke Herford, in the *Atlantic*, "for twenty-five hundred years now, yet the custodians of the Vedic traditions have never trusted to it. They trust, for the perfect perpetuation and transmission of the sacred books, to disciplined memory. They have manuscripts, they have even a printed text, but, says Max Müller, 'they do not learn their sacred lore from them. They learn it, as their ancestors learned it thousands of years ago, from the lips of a teacher, so that the Vedic succession should never be broken.' For eight years in their youth they are entirely occupied in learning this. 'They learn a few lines every day, repeat them for hours, so that the whole house resounds with the noise; and they thus strengthen their memory to that degree that, when their apprenticeship is finished you can open them like a book, and find any passage you like, any word, any accent.' And Max Müller shows, from rules given in the Vedas themselves, that this oral teaching of them was carried on, exactly as now, at least as early as 500 B. C. Very much the same was it with those Rabbinical schools amid which the Talmud gradually grew up. All of that vast literature, exceeding many times in bulk Homer and the Vedas and the Bible all together, was, at any rate until its later periods, the growth of oral tradition. It was prose tradition, too, which is the hardest to remember, and yet it was carried down century after century in the memory; and long after it had been all committed to writing, the old memorizing continued in the schools. Indeed, it has not entirely ceased even now, for my friend Dr. Gottheil, of New York, tells me that he has had in his study a man who thus knows the entire Talmud by heart, and can take it up at any word that is given him, and go on repeating it, syllable by syllable, with absolute correctness."

DEEP-SEA LIGHTHOUSES.—A leading English journal indorses a plan recently formed by an English engineer for founding "deep-sea lighthouses" as a "hopeful scheme, which, if carried out, will fill a want that has long been acknowledged as a necessary one." As explained to the London Society of Engineers, this plan proposes the construction of a hollow cylinder of riveted iron work, two hundred and ninety feet long, to consist of two sections—the upper part to be one hundred and forty feet long, destined to rear its head above the waves, and fitted as an ordinary lighthouse, while the remaining portion of the tube is to be ballasted so as to sink below the water-line, and counteract the force of wind and waves on the exposed part. The whole apparatus is to be anchored in deep water by heavy steel cables. The inventor claims that it would be easy to tow such a structure to the spot selected for it, and then, by admitting water to the lower section, it would assume an upright position, and ride the waves like a bottle. The practical use which this is intended to serve is to give notice of approaching storms by means of telegraphic connection with the shore. It is believed to be practical to found a floating telegraph station, say one thousand miles from the coast of England, in mid-ocean, from which comings of approaching storms could be given at least twenty-four hours before their arrival.

RELATION OF HOUSE WALLS TO HEALTH.—The non-porosity of concrete walls is now urged with much plausibility by medical writers, as a point in their favor for house walls. Not only does brick absorb all the animal gases, thus presenting a condition by all means to be kept in mind in the building of hospitals and infirmaries; but, since absorbent walls are injurious in harboring the germs of infection, the value of walls formed of concrete composed of burnt aggregates cannot be overrated. In this relation, too, it may be remarked that slag-made concrete has the great advantage of being fire-resisting, the material in its rough state having been subjected to intense heat, and there is nothing in it to kill the cement. In the construction of walls of this description, three sizes of the slag may be used; the larger lumps being packed in layers in the middle of the wall, and the other two sizes—the larger of the size of walnuts—run in with cement on each face in the proportion of eight to one.

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RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION.—The *Montreal Gazette* says: The rapidity of construction on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad in the first week of July is without parallel in this or any other country. On Saturday the rails were laid upon six miles of road, and in the week no less than 25.86 miles, exclusive of sidings, were completed, an average of about 4½ miles per day, the highest ever obtained. The record is as follows: July 2d, 4.02; 3d, 4.78; 4th, 3.62; 5th, 3.62; 6th, 3.90; 7th, 6.02; total, 25.86. The track is now completed for a distance of 728 miles west of Winnipeg, of which 161 miles have been constructed this season, as follows: April 18th to 30th, 17.58 miles; May, 51.97 miles; June, 65.60 miles; July 1st to 7th, 25.86 miles.

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A FRENCH scientific journal describes an electric curiosity which its editor has received from Dr. Claudet. The novelty is a specimen of electric flannel, which is claimed to be valuable in cases of rheumatism. The oxides of tin, copper, zinc and iron form nearly one-eighth of the weight of the flannel. A series of threads of the fabric is impregnated with these metallic oxides, and each series is alternately separated by untreated threads. The flannel thus prepared constitutes a dry pile, which has been shown by independent experiments of Messrs. Drincourt and Portier, both reputable physicists, to disengage electricity when in contact with the body, the current becoming more marked as the flannel absorbs the moist products of perspiration.

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THE latest invention for the protection of audiences is a "penetrable safety wall," which has just been patented by an engineer at Kottbue, Germany. The plan is to make the interior walls in all parts of the theatre of papier maché, made after a certain method. Such a wall will have the appearance of massive stone, but by pressure upon certain parts, where the words are to be painted in luminous letters, "To be broken open in case of fire," access to the exterior corridors is to be obtained, whence escape can be made to the outer air.

NEW BOOKS.

A WASHINGTON WINTER. By Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. 12mo, pp. 247, \$1.50. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

SCOTTISH CHARACTERISTICS. By Paxton Hood. "Standard Library." Paper, pp. 247, 25 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

THE MISERIES OF FO HI, a Celestial Functionary. Translated from the French of Francisque Sarcey by H. R. H. 16mo, pp. 254, \$1.00. Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

TIMES OF BATTLE AND OF REST. By Z. Topellus. "The Surgeon's Stories." 16mo, pp. 393, \$1.25. Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

His Girl.

HER eyes are lovely. I won't tell
What hue their loveliness may show;
Her braided hair becomes her well,
In color like—but ah, no! no!
That is my secret—red or brown,
It is the prettiest hair in town!

She walks with such a dainty charm,
But whether she be short or tall,
Of rounded limb or sylph-like form,
Her figure suits me—that is all!
Nor do I choose the world to know
If silk her dress, or calico.

My precious girl is worth her weight,
Not in rough gold, but diamonds fine,
And whether that be small or great
I leave the reader to divine.
Ask me to gauge her solid worth—
She would outweigh the whole round earth!

To rhyme her praise is such delight
That I must keep it to myself,
Lest one should better verses write
And lay me gently on the shelf.
I am not jealous, but you see,
This charming girl—belongs to me.

M. S. BRIDGES.

"She Does Not Know Chicken from Turkey."*

HELENE is the handsomest girl of her race;
She's an elegant form and an exquisite face,
And she dresses with perfectly consummate grace,
But she doesn't know chicken from turkey.
She knows many languages, living and dead;
In science and fiction is very well read,
But she cannot cook meat, and she cannot make bread,
And she doesn't know chicken from turkey.

She can play a "Fantasia" or "Nocturne" with skill;
Can sing up to "B"—has a wonderful trill;
Can write a good story or sonnet, but still
She doesn't know chicken from turkey.
She's been up the Tiber, the Rhine and the Nile;
She's a painter in every popular style—
Can decorate china, a plaque or a tile—
But she doesn't know chicken from turkey.

She's always self-satisfied, graceful and cool;
A critic, both just and correct, as a rule;
And knows every stitch of the Kensington School,
But she doesn't know chicken from turkey.
She can work a design by Lensing or Burt;
But she cannot cut out for her children a skirt,
Or make for her husband a well-fitting shirt—
She doesn't know chicken from turkey.

I'm willing a girl should read Latin and Greek;
Should German and French and Italian speak;
And be "up" in the latest esthetical freak,
If she only knows chicken from turkey.
I'd like her in music and song to take part;
Read poetry, science, and cultivate art,
If husband and children were first in her heart,
And if she knew chicken from turkey—

Knew barley from rice, knew a tart from a pie;
A boil from a stew, a broil from a fry;
And if she went into the market to buy,
Knew very well chicken from turkey.
For, to make a home happy, all knowledge must blend;
Art, science and service their benefits lend;
Then, ladies so clever and wise, condescend
To know about chicken and turkey.

LILLIE E. BARR.

* An old saying for a poor housewife.

Jerry Greening's Sayings.

"CORKSCREWS has sunk a powerful sight more people
than cork-jackets has ever saved."

"No dust has such effect upon th' eyes as gol' dust; no
glasses like whisky glasses."

"Ev'rybody can't hold a winnin' hand in th' game o'
life; somebody's got to hold th' deuces and three-spots."

"Th' financial prosper'ty o' Ameriky to'-day is as
bright as a cat's eyes a-shinin' out o' a barrel on a dark
night."

"Th' poorest place t' look fer th' milk o' 'human kind-
ness' is anywheres in th' pale o' highest an' toniest
s'ciety."

"A musician's a man that plays when he works, an'
likewise works when he plays."

"A drunkard's nose 'minds me o' a lighthouse, pro-
claimin', as it does, t' ev'rybody how little water passes
b'neath."

"Shear nonsense,' as th' convict said when they
clipped his hair."

"Innocence hain't never suspicious, but guilt's allers
ready t' turn informer."

"Ketchin' fame's like tryin' t' get th' greased pig at a
country fair—it slips through th' hands o' many t' be held
at last by some feller as has more good luck than de-
servin'ness."

"What's one man's meat is 'nother man's pisen, an'
what'll make one man laugh an' grow fat'll make 'nother
man madder 'n a March hare."

"Good musicians allers execute their music, while bad
musicians murder it."

"Th' tongues o' some men I know be very like clocks
as run on strikin'—not t' tell ye th' time o' day, but jest
'cause they's something wrong inside o' 'em."

"A mistress kin talk at her servants, but on no 'count
must she ever talk to 'em."

"Allers provide fer ev'rything beforehand, 'cause since
things invariably turns out diff'rent from what you've
'ranged fer, it'll make ye familiar with disapp'intment
an' sich."

"Be good-natured at all times, but 'specially when ye
eat. A man that's angry don't know whether he's eat-
in a stewed overcoat or a biled cabbage."

"Him that loves not water covets wine."

"If women was like bank-notes, they's a good many
men as has a wife at forty that they'd be glad to change
fer two twenties."

"Bakers is the most improvidentest people ever I see—
they allers sell what they knead theirselves."

"Tight shoe is like summer. Why? 'Cause 't makes
th' corn grow, of course."

"Bad debtors is like coffee—th' more you stir 'em up,
th' longer it takes 'em t' settle."

"My wife says money is damp when it's dew in th'
mornin' an' mist at night."

"If we all had windows t' our minds an' hearts, what
a demand there'd be for blinds!"

CHARLES H. WELLS.

A Journalistic Apology.

To the Editor of *Puck*—Sir:

"Oh, how shall we ever get at you,
Bartholdi's beautiful statue!—*Puck*.

Unless you raise subscriptions 'fust'
Your statue will turn out a bust."

Courier-Journal.

Through some ill luck,
Or trick of "devil" infernal,
Our credit you
Have given to
The Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

Respectfully,

Boston Courier.

